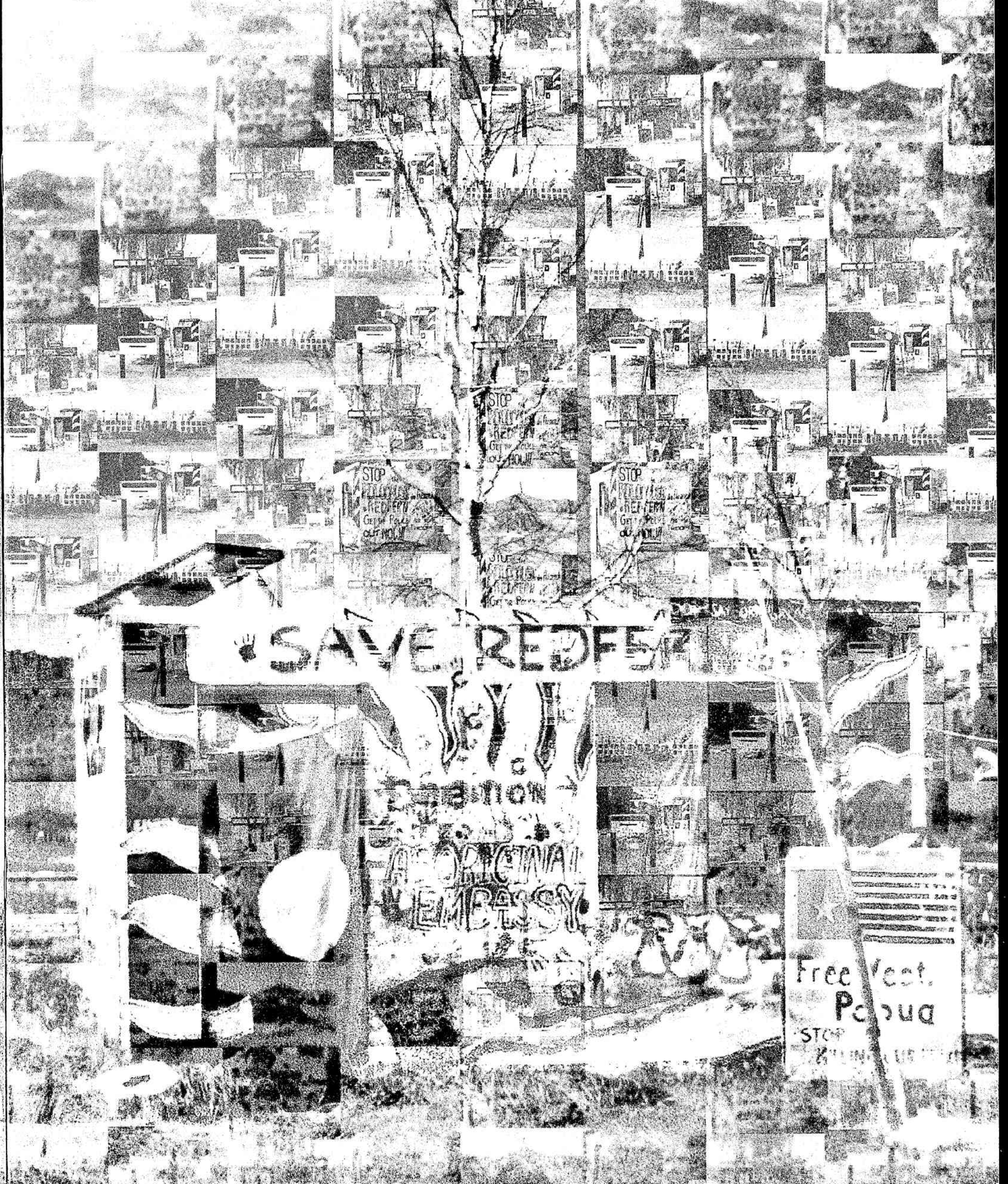


@oroni

issue 3, vol 54, april 2002



COMEDY CLUB @ INSOMNIA
EVERY WEDNESDAY
 Upcoming Comedians

>> Jonathon Atherton -3/4

>> Brad Oakes -10/4

wednesday

happy hour 9pm-10pm
 1/2 price entry to
Comedy Club with
 UNI PRIVILEGES CARD
 (UPC)



friday

no cover charge
 2-4-1 with UPC
 10pm-11pm

saturday

\$5 cover charge
 + 2-4-1 drinks
 with UPC from
 9.30pm-11pm

thursday

2-4-1 drinks
 from 9pm-1am

insomnia

contact 62480102 available anytime for functions, partys and sponsorship
 50 Northbourne Ave, Canberra City

ANU Students' Association



First Term

Ordinary
 Meeting

General

Thursday 18th April 02

3pm

Copland Lecture Theatre

This meeting is called in accordance with section 3 of the ANU SA Meeting
 Regulations
 The Agenda will be available from the General Secretary on Monday 15th
 of April

students working for students

Pop in aesthetic, punk in sensibility—concert posters that will rock you

OFF WALL
WALL
 The fine art of rock

AC/DC

THE WHITE STRIPES

17 April – 14 July 2002
Free Admission
 ScreenSound Australia
 McCoy Circuit Acton
 Monday – Friday 9am – 5pm
 Weekends and Public Holidays 10am – 5pm

Enquiries 02 6248 2000
www.screensound.gov.au

This exhibition was organised by Beyond the Pale, Melbourne
 and Write Angle, Australia
 AC/DC (1975) by Graeme Webber, The White Stripes (2002) by Pixelshifter

SCREENSOUND AUSTRALIA
 NATIONAL SCREEN AND SOUND ARCHIVE

These holidays, prepare yourself for a steamy Shakespearian
 fantasy of unrivalled glamour... a

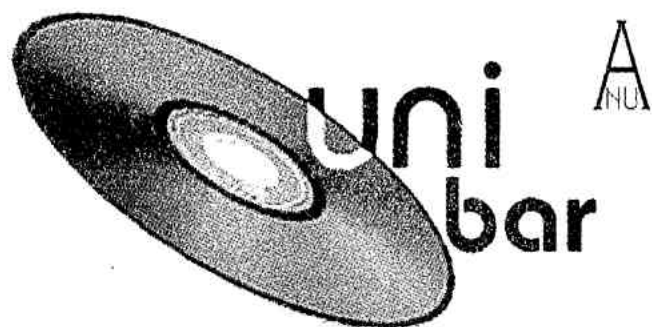
MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S
DREAM

Tuesday 23rd to
 Sunday 28th April, 7pm
 at C-Block Theatre,
 Gannon House,
 Belconnen St. Braddon

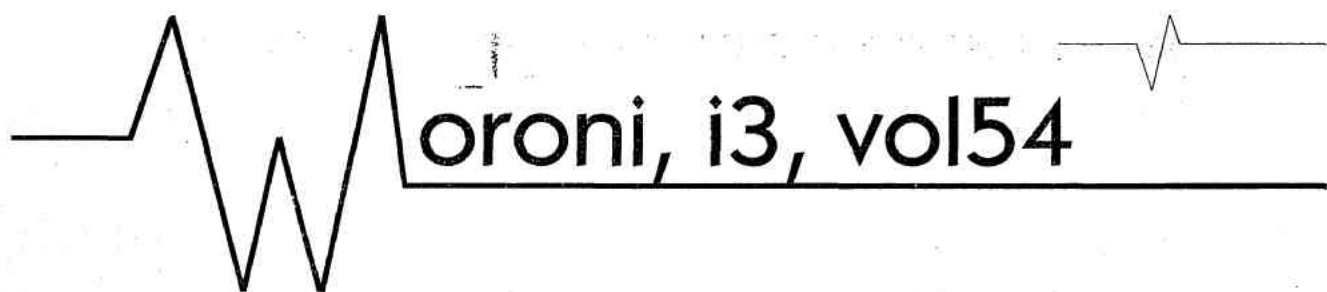
More information coming
 soon - keep your eyes open
 or phone (02) 6297 1072



who is reinhold hip?
reinhold_hip@yahoo.com.au



| pool tables | live music | jokers |



17TH APR ALEX LLOYD
& eskimo joe

18TH APR PORNLAND (SA)
& penguin

19TH APR DUNGEON
& log & chalice

20TH APR 78 SAAB
& the rainlovers & salt bush

26TH APR RANDOM
& vision

3RD MAY TOMMY FLOWERS

4TH MAY SUPERHEIST

EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 5PM
POOL COMP & JOKER POKER

TICKETS NOW ON SALE AT STUDENT UNION OFFICE

COMING SOON

Cog / The Drugs / bloodshed /
Paul Dempsey (Something for Kate) - Solo
Bloodshed 3

ANU UNI BAR

Phone: 6125 3660 Concert line: 61252546 Website: www.anuunion.com.au
Doors for all concerts open at 8pm (unless noted)
All concerts are 18+ and photo ID must be presented

going head to head

how strong are you?

strong, stronger, strongest. **daniel heard** speaks with modern-day samsons on the art of being a strongman.

special guests **David and Margaret** debate and disagree over the key issues of student living.



16-19

10-12

finding a place for reconciliation

canberra seems to have a love-hate relationship with the aboriginal tent embassy. **miranda tetlow** pushes past the 'no comment' barrier to investigate this national icon.



14-15

20-21

truth deserted

what's it really like in woomera? **elizabeth sandford** goes beyond the media hype and looks at what really goes on behind the razor wire.



31

perfecto? **merryn spencer** looks at nga exhibition, the italians, and shows why art galleries will never be obsolete.

regulars

news	4
opinions	6
letters	8
discs	22
books	23
films	24
cult	25
fame/ c&s	26
the 'strine	28
dear bogon	30

editors: alexi methereil, merryn spencer, miranda tetlow & amber beavis

features editor: andrei seeto — strine editor: mark thomson — news & letters editor: ali jenkins —
entertainment editors: leo shanahan & sarah spiller — opinion editor: sarah spiller — advertising:
shanika dias & natasha shahidullah — fame/c&s editor: natasha shahidullah — cover: merryn spencer

contributors: wes anderson, anon, mark billington, kevin brownlow, fat bastard, michael dargaville, david, nadia doerat, michael flood, "matilda" fordinggrass-mavis, borgia ginz-mossad-shakira, amy haddad, daniel heard, arnold jago, ali jenkins, andrew jory, alastair lawrie, haars lerspil, john lewinson, jocasta lovesit, randy loy, dan(iel) mackinlay, fruity mac scoopage, margaret, dj dj massacre, lexi methereil, steve "mocca" michelson, petra, madeline moss, h.r. nicholson, dana quick, marla the tumour, elizabeth sandford, leo shanahan, merryn spencer, miranda tetlow, gillian tidwinkle-dubois, mark thomson, jo vira, relushka young.

thanks to: michelle mcwilliam, professor jim davis, the incomparable peter still, brian & his bus, and everyone from anu security.

no thanks to: fucking annoying computers and their penchant for freezing or our tutors and lecturers who have the gall to expect us to spend time in study and away from woroni. my god, what they expect us to do.

apologies to: noone...for woroni has its fingers on the pulse.

woroni is the official newspaper for the anu students' association. contact us with queries, contributions or comments via phone on (02) 6248 7127, fax on (02) 6125 3967 or email <woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au>. if you'd rather see the controlled chaos that is woroni in person, drop by our office in the student services building near the chifley library. the opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the editors or the students' association. if you have opinions though why not give them expression and set them free into the ether. blah, blah, blah...

anu student named as australian youth rep to united nations general assembly

ali jenkins

A current ANU student has been selected from a wide range of applicants from all over Australia to become the Youth Representative of the Australian Mission to the United Nations General Assembly in New York. Rebecca Jenkin, who is in her final semester of an Arts/Law degree, will work within the Mission as an advisor offering a representative youth perspective on general matters as well as on international decisions that directly affect young people. The position of Youth Representative was created in 1999 by the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade (DFAT). Application was open to all Australians between the ages of 15 and 24 and selection was carried out by the United Nations Youth Association of Australia (UNYA) in consultation with DFAT. Rebecca is a fairly obvious choice when one

considers her extensive participation in a range of youth bodies, including membership of UNYA for the last six years, and university organisations, such as the ANU Students' Association and the Law Students' Society. In 2001 Rebecca was selected by the UN Youth Unit as the Australian Representative to the World Youth Forum in Dakar, Senegal. At the Forum Rebecca chaired the youth group on youth policy, participation and rights. Rebecca will be in New York for two months in September and October working within the Mission. During this time she hopes to follow in the footsteps of past Youth Representatives by actively engaging in discussion and negotiation, particularly on the topic of youth representation. At the 57th General Assembly there will be no youth-specific resolution de-

bated, but Rebecca hopes to "mainstream youth participation in debate" by speaking on other topics such as human rights education. As the position is within the Australian Mission and created by DFAT, Rebecca will have to express views that are not contradictory to government policy. However, anything she does say will be supported by the substantial amount of consultation she will be doing among youth groups, youth branches of NGO's, and youth organizations in Sydney, Melbourne, Canberra and possibly Brisbane in the lead up to her departure. Rebecca will also be conducting an internet survey in order to gauge youth opinion on a range of issues. As ANU students we all have the opportunity to speak personally to Rebecca and impress upon her our views. Upon her return Rebecca hopes to report back to



all of the bodies that were involved in the consultation process and to as many young people as possible. If all goes to plan, the impact of her time in New York will be felt in more than just the corridors of UN buildings.

Visit www.unya.asn.au for more information and for regular updates.

price of asylum: who really pays for detention revealed

petar milnkovic

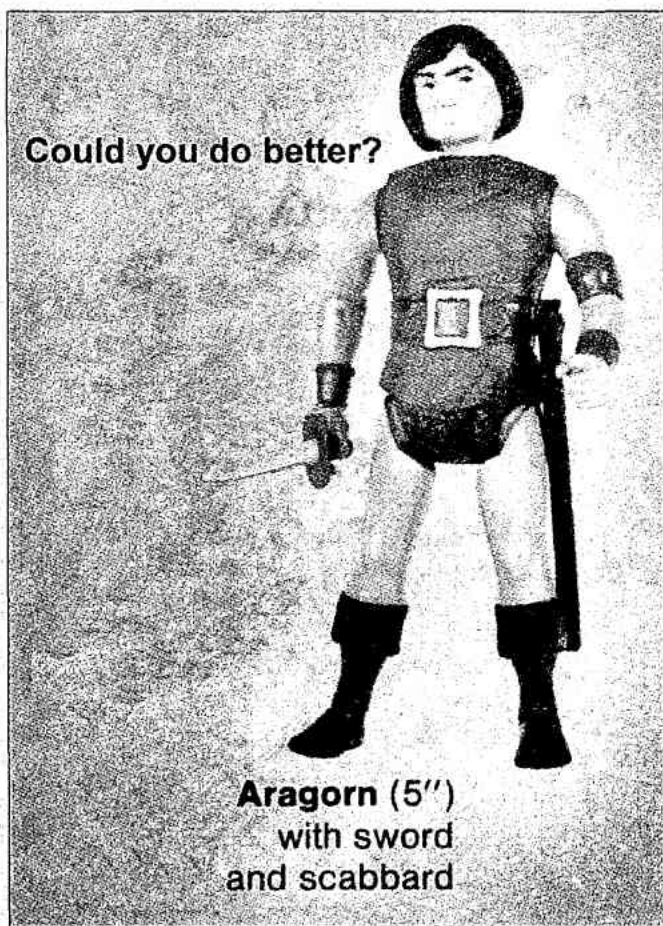
In the midst of all the commotion surrounding the protests at Woomera, it has been revealed that asylum seekers who are eventually forced to return home are being charged for their stay in Australia. The Sunday Herald Sun, has obtained three official documents showing asylum seekers are, at the government's discretion, frequently being billed for their stay in Australian detention centres. At present, the Immigration Department is

charging detainees anywhere between \$60 and \$191 dollars for every day spent in detention, depending on the facility. Also added to the bills are medical and legal costs, and asylum seekers who are forced to go home are more often than not charged the cost of the airfare. Melbourne lobby group Spare Rooms for Refugees, claim that some refugees have bills in excess of \$300,000 and the department knows they cannot pay, yet still the demands keep coming, along with threats of more detention. The bill will be used to repel people, even refugees who have lived here for years. If they ever leave Australia they will not be re-admitted as they have a federal debt. In a recent doorstep interview, immigration minister Philip Ruddock admitted that it is certainly the case that people who aren't refugees are billed for detention costs and if they're removed from Australia those costs would have to be recouped before

people are allowed to return and that is part of the normal arrangements for dealing with some of the costs that we have to incur for people who have no lawful entitlement to be here. When asked about how the government intended to recoup the money from asylum seekers who could not afford to pay, Mr Ruddock replied "We don't recover all costs, but where we do recover it is where people who have been here, sometimes in the workforce working contrary to visa conditions, are apprehended, they use the legal proceedings, they're still found not to be entitled to be in Australia, they're removed and then they may have had a relationship with an Australian and they want to come back and that's frequently the sort of circumstance in which [we] find that we're able to recoup the costs. If people want to be able to come to Australia in this situation, they need to discharge their debt and people make arrangements to discharge their debt. I've had to discharge debts occasionally. I've

sometimes had to go to the bank to get the money."

Under the current Migration Act, 'a Non-citizen who is detained is liable to pay the Commonwealth the costs of his or her detention,' however the immigration department has stated that asylum seekers who are allowed to stay in Australia are freed of commonwealth debt.



Could you do better?

Aragorn (5'') with sword and scabbard

TEXTBOOKS

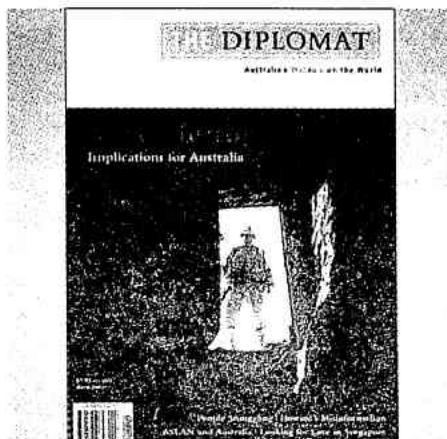
'THE JOY OF LAPIDARY (2nd edition)', 'TAXIDERMY (An accompaniment)' and the classic, 'PHILATELY IS FUN!' I'll sell you ALL my favourites at bargain prices!!!! I don't need to read... or sleep... or eat... or do anything for that matter!!! As long as I can raise \$249 before April 30 to get MICROSOFT OFFICE XP PROFESSIONAL at up to 80% OFF!!! I'll even throw in a pile of 'pre-loved' gentleman's publications absolutely FREE!! Be by the software section of the campus bookstore to view my entire catalogue...

new journal launched in canberra

miranda tetlow

Arguably, in the last six months the media have been thrown the task of commentating on one of the most tumultuous periods in recent history. In the past month alone, the Howard government has consistently provided the front page scandal/story with the continuing controversy over refugees and the fall out from the 'children overboard' incident, Heffernan's false accusations about chief Justice Michael Kirby and calls for Dr Hollingworth's dismissal from the position of Governor-General. Beyond Australia, the world seems particularly volatile and no one in journalism would deny that the face of international politics and diplomacy has been inexorably altered by the events and aftermath of September 11. It is against such a background that *The Diplomat*, a new Australian international and current affairs magazine, has been launched, and its inaugural editorial cites the questions and challenges posed by the events in New York as part of the inspiration for creating this new publication.

The Diplomat is dedicated to exploring world affairs relevant to Australia or from an Australian point of view, and the first issue covers a wide variety



of subjects ranging from the German elections and the financial implications of the Euro, to the genocide trials currently being undertaken in Cambodia. The writers and contributors to the inaugural issue hail from a variety of journalistic and academic backgrounds. Canberra based academics writing pieces in the magazine included Clive Williams, Director of Terrorism Studies at the Strategic and Defence Studies Centre, Tony Kevin, a former diplomat and Visiting Fellow in the Research School of Pacific and Asian Studies and Dr Kirill Nourzhanov, from the Centre for Arab and Islamic Studies.

Editor Minh Bui-Jones was happy to elaborate on his ambitions for *The Diplomat* to *Woroni*, "To survive in the short term, we're targeting the diplomatic community in Canberra and overseas, [but] the general reader is our aspiration... In terms of intellectual magazine publishing, I think we are going through something of a resurgence at the moment. The success of *Quarterly Essay* and the recently refurbished *Australian Review of Books* and *Meanjin* are good examples of this. But then again, there's *Quadrant*." Whether Australia has the capacity and readership to sustain another current affairs magazine is another question, but Bui-Jones seems undaunted, if circumspect. "I like, in a perverse way, the challenge of starting something new. Perhaps it's the thrill of preparing oneself for failure, which in the magazine business is almost guaranteed." However, the quality of this publication speaks for itself, and at the magazine's launch at Hotel Kurrajong on March 27, it seemed plenty of Canberrans are eager for new contributions to Australian political debate.

anu debsoc team triumphs at easter competition

madeleine moss

The Australian National University Debating Society dominated the recent Australian Intersvarsity Debating Tournament, held in Adelaide over the Easter weekend. The tournament involves over 80 teams from most Australian Universities. In a clean sweep the top-ranked ANU team of Emily Byrne, Patrick Delaney, and Mathew Kenneally remained undefeated over the course of the entire tournament before defeating University of Sydney in the grand final. In addition Mathew Kenneally was ranked among the top ten speakers in the tournament and Patrick Delaney took out the best speaker award.

It was a great result for the ANU who were runners-up in 2001, as well as semi-finalists in 2000. ANU Debating Society President Paul Barnsley said that, "ANU doesn't have the resources that some of the larger university debating societies do, so it was great to be able to put up a strong showing. It's a reminder that good debating is not and never has been confined to the older, more established universities." This was reflected by the fact that three out of five ANU teams made the finals, and the University of Western Australia made the semi-finals.

It's a view echoed by Patrick Delaney, "For a university as small as the ANU to so comprehensively dominate a tournament is a fantastic achievement." Mathew Kenneally added, "ANU was so close last year it felt great to walk away with the trophy this year."

With further national and international tournaments to be held in Melbourne, Sydney, and South Africa later this year, it is hoped that the ANU will be able to capitalise on this most recent success and continue its winning streak.

women's conference to be held in canberra

fruity mac scoopage

The National Labor Women's Conference will be celebrating 100 years of Australian women's suffrage and 40 years of Aboriginal women's suffrage in late April. To be held in Canberra, the conference has the theme "Women Setting the Agenda", and will host several local and international prominent speakers, including the ANU's Professor Marian Sawer. Workshops will be held around the sub-themes of Public Policy, Leadership and Action, and Labor in the Community.

Media liason, Jenny Ransley, said that one of the aims of the conference is to increase the number of female

preselection candidates in the Labour party from 35 per cent to 50 per cent. "It's been going for a long time, it's aimed towards women and it's concerned with women's issues and there will be policy coming out of this." Over 200 people from around Australia are expected to attend the conference.

For more information and for the Conference Registration please contact the ACT Branch ALP, email: act@alp.org.au

@
Vinnies Charity Ball!
ANU Union Building
Friday May 17

Fire-twirlers
Award winning folk band
"Earthly Delights"
Medieval Fighters
And much more!

Entry is only \$38
for ANU students

Tickets available
at ANU Ticketek

All proceeds go toward the efforts of the St Vincent de Paul Society
Ball theme is The Lord of the Rings. But come as whatever you like.

in brief

finnish him

The Helsinki police were surprised and slightly dismayed to solve a missing persons case that had troubled them for over two decades. Jorgen Haarma, had gone missing from the Finnish capital in 1980 under mysterious circumstances. Everyone had suspected that his wife, Jutta, had killed him, but without evidence a conviction was impossible. In March of this year, Jutta was convicted of a minor traffic offence and appeared in a local court where it turned out that Jutta was in fact Jorgen, who had not vanished, but only decided to live as a woman and not tell anyone. Jorgen had kept to himself before his "disappearance" and as the investigations were being carried out Jutta acted as if she was his Estonian wife. Neighbours reported that they did recall it was odd that Jutta and Jorgen had never been seen together. The police were relieved that the case had been solved, but they did issue a statement explaining that murder investigations became enormously difficult when the victim and main suspect are the same person.

don't fence me in

A young Wellington, NZ couple escaped conviction for 26 counts (each) of sexual intercourse in a public place when a judge admitted that young people do get up to risky stuff and warned them that any further public displays of affection would earn them gaol sentences. Police became privy to the couple's love of wide open spaces when they recovered the couple's stolen VCR with a revealing tape inside. After a thorough search of the young couple's home, a wide range of video material was found forming conclusive evidence against the amorous twosome. Some of the places they had filmed themselves having sex were in a national park, in a backyard treehouse, in the toilets of a petrol station, the local library, at a swimming pool during the day while children were around, at a Jeep dealership, at a cattle auction, and on the steps of the very court where they were tried. As a punishment the couple were not allowed to keep their videotapes lest it spur them onto further undesirable activity. The tapes are in the possession of the police who promised to take very good care of them.

one sick bunny

Easter morning was ruined for two Edmonton youngsters when the man who had been hired by their parents to dress up as the Easter Bunny to deliver eggs to them turned up drunk. William Lapinier arrived at 7.30am on Easter Sunday dressed up in a bunny costume as promised but also clutching a bottle of bourbon. After entering the house he ran into the nearest bedroom, threw the whole basket of eggs he was carrying onto the youngest son, pulled off the bunny suit and urinated on the end of the small child's bed. Alerted by screaming, the parents rushed into the room, saw what was happening and started yelling at Mr Lapinier who ran out of the house leaving the bunny suit behind. As Mr Lapinier

NEWS

my body, my choice amy haddad

Abortion in the ACT is sort of legal. It is legislated for in the *Health Regulation (Maternal Health Information) Act 1997*, the brainchild of conservative independent MLA Paul Osborne.

The Act insists that a woman seeking an abortion must wait 72 hours after reaching her decision, and requires that the woman sign a declaration that she has seen a government prescribed booklet of information. Under the Act, this information including the 'reasons for the abortion', is collected and tabled in the ACT legislative Assembly. When these statistics were first tabled, the ACT Right to Life Association used them to compile a highly emotive report titled "Missing children, damaged mothers".

Abortion in the ACT is only 'sort of' legal, because it remains on the criminal code, and is subject to a ten-year jail sentence. It is because of these criminal provisions, that abortion providers try to fit 'reasons for abortion' into the 'severe risk to the mental, physical or emotional health of the mother' category. This then fits in with the NSW common law ruling that in these circumstances, abortions are not criminal.

So abortion in the ACT is sort of legal, sort of secret, and sort of guilty. It's not completely legal, or completely accessible or completely free of legally imposed religious and moral indignation and guilt.

Wayne Berry, a prominent pro-choice Labor MLA, has tabled his intention to repeal both the criminal provisions that relate to abortion, and Osborne's Act. Unfortunately, he has met with Liberal opposition, frantic objection from Right to Life and religious groups and at best, luke warm support from his own party.

And so over 30 years after the supposed feminist revolution won us sexual and reproductive freedom we are again faced with the abortion debate. This is not only infuriating, but it has become very, very boring.

I must state right now that this is my opinion, and that just as every woman is entitled to her opinion, every woman is entitled to make choices about her body and her future, based on that opinion. What appalls me is the extent to which other people's irrational and emotional opinions are put forward as a basis to restrict the decisions I can make about my body.

There are a number of untruths about abortion in the ACT being peddled by the Right to Life Association and its supporters. Many come from people who are guided by their belief in God, and even though I don't have the space to address here the inherent wrongness of including God in a political debate, I can address some of these furbies...

Paul Osborne's bill did not reduce the number of abortions in the ACT. A Queanbeyan clinic opened

that did not require a cooling off period, and a number of Canberra women went over the border.

Women seeking an abortion will still have to give informed consent. Like all medical procedures, information about the procedure and its possible side effects must be made available, and consent must be given before any procedure can take place. This is enshrined as part of standard medical law. And now, thanks to the rise in negligence claims, medical practitioners are even more diligent in ensuring that patients have all the facts.



There are no informed consent laws for women contemplating becoming pregnant, although the risks to the woman from pregnancy and birth are far higher. Any abortion law requiring a cooling off period, or specifically legislating for prescribed information suggests that while pregnancy is a natural choice, abortion is not and should be questioned.

The repealing of Osborne's bill will result in late term abortions. The existing law does not have any provision restricting late term abortions, which are very rare. The main reason for late term abortions are the health of the mother, or a problem with the foetus. The inference that pregnant women are suggestible, and should therefore be protected from people who seek to 'influence' them to terminate their pregnancy is insulting in the extreme.

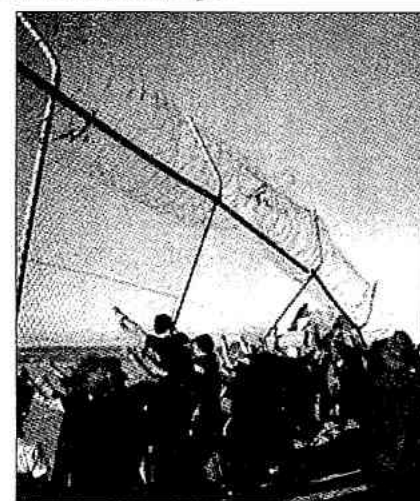
No one advocates for more abortions, but a policy goal of reducing abortions should not be manifested as restrictive abortion laws. Rather, abortion should be free and accessible and sex education and contraception should be widely available. In addressing the issue of abortion, it is imperative that we look at the role of women and mothers in the community, and the extent to which support for mothers in education, in the workplace and at home would assist women to make choices based on their own personal circumstances, and not based on economic circumstances. As such, issues of health, maternity leave and child-care are critical and need to be addressed now.

Most importantly, abortion law reform should move the law away from the assumption that women want to be mothers, and that more cash, or better child-care will change the minds of those who don't. Some women don't ever want children, some don't want children now, and some don't want children with that total deadshit they probably shouldn't have shagged.

Wayne Berry's bill would give abortion the legal status it deserves, that of a medical procedure undertaken by a woman for personal reasons. It's time for true reproductive freedom, and all we need to attain it is to convince a majority of 17 MLA's to vote for Wayne Berry's bills. For information on what you can do to help, contact the ANUSA Women's Department.

woomera firsthand anon

Trying to make sense of an event like Woomera 2002 is emotionally and mentally draining. People who weren't there can probably never appreciate the emotions involved. I didn't go there expecting to be affected by what I saw and participated in — I was revolted by the policies of the Liberal Government (and Labor before them) but before I went to Woomera I didn't care about the refugees, who live in racist, inhumane detention. The refugee movement around Australia involves more than just politics. Activism starts with the heart, with indignation at the way the world has been turned sour by political policies that violate and harm the environment, human rights, workers' rights - legitimate causes for and about people. Most of the human beings at Woomera are there because human rights had been violated, and this doesn't translate into a purely intellectual argument. "Violations of human rights" is suffering made politically correct. Australia, according to Alexander Downer, "attaches great importance to the promotion and protection of human rights around the world".



The Woomera Restricted Area has few trees, the sand is red and hot, rocks are everywhere and bindis get caught in your clothes and your skin. The wind are sun are merciless, the horizon - endless. Out of the bare earth the detention centre rises, topped by razor wire. A bare bitumen soccer field surround the inner complex, which is frightening, and double fences, razor wire on them and the ground. It is like a metal castle, the demountables where the refugees live have been painted in garish colours, making a bizarre contrast.

The Centre's architecture is worse than a prison's. The refugees and protesters were forced to push their hands through the metal palings of the fence to touch fingers, coils of razor wire making even the minimal contact very difficult. One man inside was cutting the razor wire with small cutters, his hands torn and bleeding, but he continued until another man, seeing his blood pooling in the orange sand, took over the work.

I don't know why police were reluctant to move in, but we had free reign until the fence, metal palings four metres high, was broken. The detainees had broken one paling loose and were able to squeeze through. Their escape was unexpected, and prompted riot police to advance.

Fifty 'illegals' escaped, some before the police, some after. One man I heard of jumped over the police, into the crowd. Their bravery and their

willingness to act is something that put most of us to shame. We chanted, they acted, but hundreds of people, once the deed had begun, also moved. A massive running escort of people with the asylum seekers mixed among them. It was emotionally charged and powerful.

Mandatory detention of refugees began in the late 80s under the Hawke Government. It has continued as a policy in this country, despite agreements made under the U.N Commission on Human Rights. We are part of U.N agreements on human rights. 'The Protection of Refugees', Article 14 of the Universal Declaration, states that "everyone has the right to seek and enjoy in other countries asylum from persecution." The Refugee Convention also covers the right of "non-refoulement", that is, that "refugees should not be expelled or returned to the country of persecution." Our government regularly contravenes these Rights to which they have put their name, and ours.

On Sunday 31st March, during a rally around the perimeter fence of Woomera Detention Centre a note was passed from the detainees to the protesters. The ACM (Australian Corrective Management) had decided on putting sleeping tablets in the food. This is called chemical control.

Australia is supposed to be a civilised country - we see fit to criticise other nations for their violations of 'democracy' or Human Rights, yet sweep our own 'indiscretions', such as our brutal and racist treatment of asylum seekers, under the carpet.

Our lives are empty facsimiles, repeated over and over again - 'our' government, our society and our 'ethics' are fraudulent hypocrises. It is time that we realised that this movement for refugee rights is part of a larger issue, close to home for all of us. If you have ever seen a grown adult crying with despair and fear and desperation, you will know part of what happened at Woomera and what is happening every night that these legitimately human asylum seekers are kept imprisoned unjustly and unlawfully.

The refugee issue and the refugee crisis crosses culture and language barriers. Refugees are not aliens, people with accents are not aliens, people who have a different religion or skin tone are not aliens. Despite all the propaganda about how multicultural we are, we fail miserably.

I am changed person. Everyone who went to the Woomera Convergence 2002 is changed. We failed many of the 'escapees' and right now, our nation is failing those who are still incarcerated.

hosts of mordor
haars lerspil

Yea, verily, behold! The Dark Lord of the Land of Shadow has sallied forth upon his grim steed, bringing his woeful tidings of ending and of evil even unto Hoyts Belconnen.

Truly, a King sits again on the Throne of Gondor, and the fantasy geek has come of age. Who ever would have dreamt that to have read J.R.R. Tolkien's Lord of the Rings would win one so much quiet acclaim as when Peter Jackson released his grand and bushswackling film adaptation?

Not I, proud lords and daughters of kings, not I.

Indeed, for many of my brethren, the recent furor over the fantasy trilogy has proved a fine opportunity to embrace the geeky heritage we had abandoned.

Did you too pass through a tricky period in which the ancient enmity between the wordsmiths and the walrus took on magnificent proportions? In which nothing was more important than whether Garion would indeed reclaim his sword — unless perhaps whether Ged would conquer the evil creature hunting him across all the islands of the archipelago? Did you spend hours debating the relative merits of Robert A. Heinlein and Isaac Asimov with the doorjamb? Did you read on past the first of the Dune novels? Was Poppy Z Brite exciting?

Yes, you did! *You did* read L. Ron Hubbard! I see it in that nostalgic wince, dear friend. Nostalgia for those heady days aboard the bridge of the starship Urkshid, a wince because you know you turned your back on the easy Kingdom of True Geek many years ago. You have abandoned cliché-ridden, poorly-written epic fantasy for more intellectual pursuits - Anais Nin, opium, fondue — as befits your new status as a protégé of higher forms of cultural expression.

But you are worn by years of watching Withnail and I and reading the scripts to Hal Hartley films. Eat Carpet has lost its youthful freakshow verve.

You have twigged to the truth — in your heart of hearts



you are not the literary graduand you appear to be. You are a sci-fi geek.

But would your true people take you back to their curious bosom? You do not bring the tokens of a lost king returning to his people. You do not wish to learn to joust! You do not long to sing four-part male harmonies in the university choir! You feel foolish wearing medieval garb, you are friends with pert law school students in twin-sets and suits, not short, busty women with a penchant for leather vests and patchwork pants. You do not sport a hopeful goatee or a long black jacket. You do not covet rare role-playing

cards.

You, like the Stewards of the Golden City, have turned from your duty and true path. Your will has slackened, your hands have faltered, the enemy stands before the gate — and that enemy is your own lack of loyalty to your land. You are doomed never to return to the dear green dales and lofty peaks of Geek.

Indeed, the cultural originators who have stood by the seventeen-part epic, fantasy art and star wars conventions for decades are well within their rights to reject the tentative advances of their lost kindred.

Must you then accept the hard reality of this waning third age of men? Retain the cloak of the nouveau geeky? Purchase thick-rimmed glasses and edit a web-zine? Irony? Must it be always irony for you?

Mayhap your tribe must be even as the Ents — Sundered always from their better half, wandering in the dark forests without hope of reclamation. You, brave heart, must now forever sneak into the fantasy section at the dusty back of second-hand bookshops like a thief in the night, as a king in exile.

Of course, Tolkien knew how to make the geeky sexy. Was there ever a loftier geek romance than that between Faramir, Prince of Ithilien and the cold, lily-like Lady of Rohan? And was not the Lord Aragorn the proudest and most broad-shouldered tactician to walk from Middle Earth?

And lo! How Peter Jackson did alter the group dynamics of the Fellowship of the Ring by transforming Legolas Greenleaf from a quiet tag-along who liked trees into a beautiful elven lord. Alas, as the hosts of Mordor knew, too many spunkrats spoil the broth, and thus the Fellowship was doomed to failure.

Beware then, stern companion, the red eye of Mordor is on the look-out for fakes, now that Tolkien is a box-office smash. The Dark Lords of weekend role-playing conventions have formed themselves into a vigilant guard to protect their land from incursions by those cultural clones who would cash-in on the newfound popularity of the otherworld with tales of how they, too, read Tolkien by torchlight in their youth.

Thus you, dear friend, must live out your doom. Never to be united in the kingdom of your youth with your people, you choose now either to raise one smug eyebrow when you see grown people only now beginning, tentatively, to read the Two Towers, or to snicker, riddle and sneak on the borders of your country like a cruel, sharp-toothed creature of the sooty plains of Gorgoroth.

good is bad & bad is good?
marla the tumour

Cinema and the responses provoked by it are perhaps the most reliable barometers of the dominant norms, prejudices and expectations within society. World War II was, for example, responsible for the development of the original feel-good flick in a time where people wanted escapism. The 1950's produced rebels who lived hard — on and off the screen — in ways nobody else could due to their fear of aliens from Mars, purgatory and the Russians. The 1990's saw the appearance of celluloid cynicism and the rise of off-beat, quirky themes which heralded the average shmo as a modern hero — in their own self-deprecating, sarcastic way of course. Reaction against the big hair, business and shoulder pads of the 1980's? I think so. Equally, the witch-hunts of the McCarthy era and the twin-beds-

for-on-screen-couples-who-have-been-married-for-fifteen-years-and-have-four-children policy were indicative of anti-communism and weird morality agendas of the state. If you want to know where society's at, go to the movies.



This is why the recent censorship — or lack thereof — applied to films by the Office of Film and Literature Classification in Australia is concerning. For a number of years the Office of Film and Literature Classification, along with some Australian politicians, have attempted to censor or block the release of films including *Lolita* and *Romance*. However, sex and violence are now apparently A-OK as the OFLC has deviated from the actions of its French, American and British counterparts to allow the release of *Baise-moi* uncensored. *Blaise-moi* (translation: *Fuck Me*) is the story of a prostitute and a rape-survivor who go on a *Thelma & Louise*-esque "sex and killing spree". It contains "high level violence, high level sex scenes, actual sex and adult themes". Directed by Virginie Despentes and Coralie Trinh Thi, the film was nominated for top awards at the Gijon and Locarno film festivals and for the Bronze Horse at Stockholm (2000). It has been banned in France and censored in Britain, Canada and the US. In Australia, however, it has been given an R-rating and national release.

It is very big of the Australian Office of Film and Literature Classification to allow the release of *Baise-moi* in mainstream cinemas, particularly in light of their somewhat conservative history. In fact I say hurrah for their open-minded attitude to the use of non-simulated sex to depict a rape scenario. Because what we really need to see in cinemas is a film which gratuitously depicts a truly horrific eventuality. It's important for audiences to watch "a sequence lasting three minutes [which] commences with two women being abducted by three

men". This is important to the same extent that it was *not* important for a classic novel which focused on issues such as paedophilia to be screened at all in Australia. You see, we have no paedophiles in this country and as such we don't need to know about them.

Now, rape is a different matter. It's important for the cinema-going public to appreciate not only the psychological impacts of sexual violence but to witness the details of such an event. That is why the OFLC has stated that "the purpose of this graphic portrayal is to convey to the viewer the ugliness and horror of rape. In the majority of the board's view ... the film has a serious tone and offers an important perspective including psychological themes. The scene of sexual violence is not intended to be titillatory to the viewer".

I personally am glad that the film has escaped the censor's scissors because there are few things I dislike more than the butchering of a work in order that it might fit within some random person's ideas of propriety. What I object to is the fact that *Romance*, a film which dealt with a woman's ideas on her own sexuality as well as her need to take charge of her sexual experiences, was made an object of controversy at the hands of OFLC on the basis of the film's references to rape. What I object to is that the word "cunt" was censored out of episodes of *Sex in the City* when it was used within an entirely complementary context. What I object to is the huge deal made over the depiction of fellatio in *Intimacy* when this occurred within a consensual situation. It seems that to show explicit shagging on-screen is fine so long as it isn't a positive image. Apparently the OFLC sees that a positive image of explicit sex is erotica/ pornography whereas a somewhat disturbing image of explicit, violent, sex is fine because it is showing how bad violent sex is.

Excuse me, but I've gotten a little confused with this picture. And the whole idea of "good sex, bad. Bad sex, good" is just a little too Orwellian for me.

It is totally unnecessary to censor works such as *Blaise-moi* because they do have value, just as it is unnecessary to censor media which deals with that which we wish did not occur within our society. Ignoring such problems is as bad as facilitating them. But it is pointless to decide to be 'open-minded' without first considering the broader context which, in this situation, has been created by the Office of Classification themselves.

Baise-moi will open at Paddington's Chauvel Cinema and the Valhalla in Glebe on April 25.

a safer campus To Woroni,

I totally agree with the opinions expressed in the article by Ali Jenkins "Lack of information on campus following sexual assault". Burgmann College, and the University at large, should be formally made aware of the March 5th incident involving a woman found in a distressed state at the back of the residence. This can only improve student safety both around the college and the university at large. In addition what, if any, practical action has been taken to improve safety around our campus? How many more unnecessary acts of humiliation will it take to install satisfactory safety measures for all students — whatever their gender? This should not be an issue. Those in the bureaucracy should act now; it is your responsibility and, if not for that reason alone, it is your job.

Steve "Mocca" Michelson
2002 SA Gen Rep

navel gazing

Dear Sir/Madam,

The decision that girls should expose their belly-buttons was made in an American TV company boardroom — a commercial ratings-boosting decision.

Do Australia's females flaunt their midriffs as an act of defiance of traditional virtues? No, it's an act of obedience — obedience to a bunch of businessmen with no interest in their modesty or otherwise — only in their money.

By age 18, Australian children spend more hours watching TV (14,000 hours) than attending school (12,000 hours). Their attention spans being deliberately shortened, their shockability systematically oxidised away. The female "stars" whom our daughters take for role models dress on stage and screen in ways which would, in real life, mark them as prostitutes.

Yours sincerely
Arnold Jago

schmundamentalist

Dear Woroni,

Why don't you ever speak out about Murdoch, USA killings of 10,000 civilians in Afghanistan!! I love China very much and have seen first hand how Chinese authorities treat religious organisations such as Buddhist Groups, Hindu groups, Moslem groups and Christian groups. I am writing to tell you that the West is misrepresenting your ban of the Falung Gong organisation. I am an expert in religion and the New Age movement and lived in Beijing, China, for a year in 1999 to tell your government about the worldwide New Age movement and how important it is and how it directly affects China and its future. While in Beijing I saw no re-

ligious persecution. There is no doubt that some religious groups are extremely EVIL. Christian fundamentalists are very evil. I truly believe that fundamentalism of any kind is evil. Buddhist fundamentalism, Hindu fundamentalism, Moslem Fundamentalism, Jewish fundamentalism and Christian fundamentalism.

I strongly advise your government that religious fundamentalism is extremely dangerous for your country. I am a very strong socialist who has a very spiritual side and am deeply involved in the New Age movement in the West. Even in the New Age movement there is fundamentalism and it makes me sick. I have seen first hand Christian fundamentalism. It is far worse than the Falong Gong movement. If you think the Falong Gong movement is bad you should examine the fundamentalist Christians who make me sick. They are rightwing and support human rights abusers around the world. I strongly believe that a spiritual life cannot be achieved without a good socialist infrastructure first which is what China is trying to provide. I have written to the China Daily many times with my research in physics which explains much paranormal phenomenon.

China is the most important country in the world but is not understood well. I have seen religious fundamentalist organisations cause great harm and evil. I now believe that the Falong Gong organisation may certainly be trying to be disruptive, especially by being controlled by foreign organisations. You as a government and a country must make your case clear and outline to the rest of the world that you ARE tolerant of religions as long as they do not become extremist and threaten social order. I urge you to gather as much information on this and present a book to the world explaining how religious freedom is certainly tolerated. I know some major Chi Gong masters are in fact promoted by your government and many martial artists are promoted such as the spiritual Shaolin Buddhist Monks of the Hernan Province.

I urge your government and country to be extremely careful as no doubt you are. You know that the western media is terribly unfair to China because of their capitalist bent. I am on the side of China very much and I hope this can be sorted out as soon as possible. It is not good for China's international reputation. I urge you to show how tolerant of religions you are. You certainly showed me when I lived in Beijing that spiritual tolerance is there. I believe at present that NO religion should be more powerful than the state because all the religions we have at the moment are corrupt. I certainly agree that many religions cause great harm. But as I stress I am a committed spiritual person doing a PhD in the philosophy of physics, a meditation teacher who has been in many Eastern sects in

Buddhism and Hinduism. I follow Sai Baba in India very closely and most Sai Devotees are socialists first then spiritual second - or many are socialist and spiritual at the same time, which is what I am. I want to stress that spirituality is very important to my life but it should certainly not become a threat.

Yours sincerely,
Michael Dargaville

make-up sex To Woroni,

Thank you to Nadia Docrat and Alastair Lawrie for picking up on a series of problems in my article "A recipe for good sex". I first wrote the piece as a guide to sex for heterosexual men. This shaped what I emphasised in describing 'good sex'. Unfortunately, in then submitting the article as a more general piece for Woroni, I failed to rewrite the piece sufficiently to reflect this broader focus. Some of the problems Nadia and Alastair note are attributable to my original emphasis. I agree that I could have done much more to acknowledge same-sex sexualities and other forms of sexual diversity. It would have been better if I'd simply directed the piece explicitly to the heterosexual males on campus. I certainly agree with Nadia and Alastair's emphasis on women's lust and active participation in sex. And of course the scenarios I described of men's use of force and pressure represent instances of rape. I agree with Nadia and Alastair's remarks on the seriousness of such behaviour, but this should have been obvious to them in my asking men to check out consent at every stage of sexual activity.

I reject Nadia and Alastair's claim that my article suggests that women's sexual purpose is to please men. I spend three paragraphs encouraging both partners, and especially men, to focus on mutual pleasure, and I particularly emphasised the need for (heterosexual) men to spend time and energy on women's sexual pleasure. While Nadia and Alastair suggest I implied that "women should be sat-

isfied with intercourse", the article in fact makes clear that many women are not and that both partners may need to do other things to ensure their shared sexual pleasure. Finally, Nadia and Alastair's criticism of my handling of sexually transmitted infections (STIs) reflects a difference of emphasis rather than anything more fundamental. I clearly acknowledged that oral sex and mutual masturbation do carry a risk for STIs, and our general approaches to sexual health strategies seem identical.

While I disagree therefore with several of Nadia and Alastair's criticisms of "A recipe for good sex", I apologise for not correcting the heterosexist biases of the piece.

Michael Flood.

question

Dear Woroni,

Who is the better leader? John Howard can't control Abbott and Costello. Moe Howard could control Curly, Shemp and Larry.

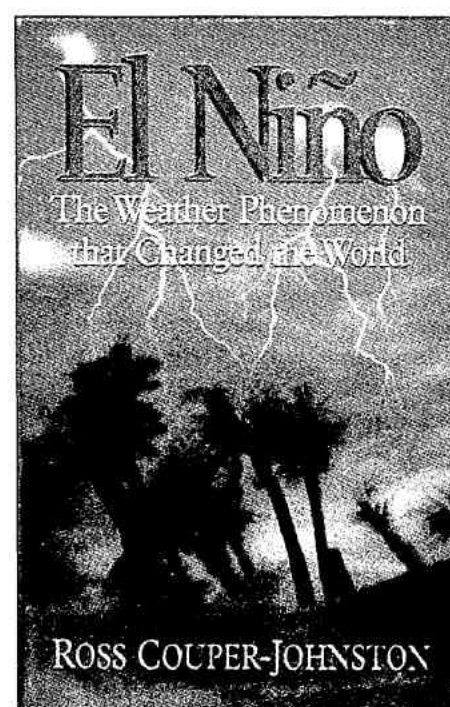
Kevin Brownlow

encore

Dear Woroni,

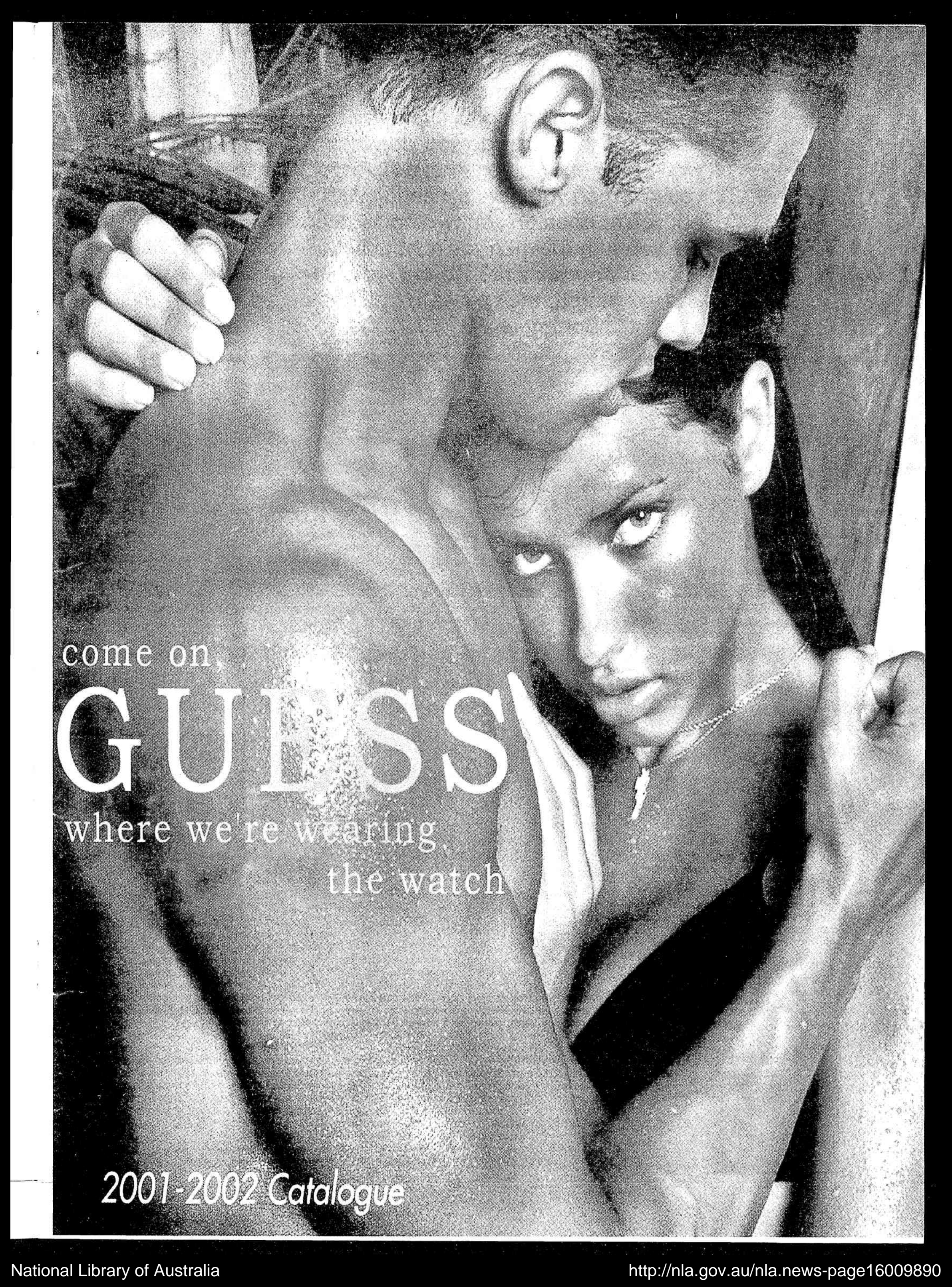
The War on Terrorism has killed at least 30,000 people in Afghanistan with 10,000 civilian casualties. A little more than 3000 died in New York for September 11. When is Bush going to stop the body count — at least 100,000 people slaughtered for 3000. Also, why didn't your paper cover the fact that 500,000 anti-globalisation protesters marched in Spain recently — possibly one of the biggest left wing marches the planet has ever seen. Says a lot about your paper.

Michael Dargaville



congratulations to the winner of this issue's best letter — arnold jago! you can collect your prize — yehudi menuhin's *unfinished journey* — from the woroni office at any time. for the first time in many issues the letters page has been filled with real letters. special thanks to michael dargaville for his 642 words! the prize for next issue's best letter is *el nino — the weather phenomenon that changed the world* by ross couper-johnston. if you have a letter that you feel will do just as much damage as el nino please email it to:

woroni_articles@
student.anu.edu.au



come on,
GUESS
where we're wearing
the watch

2001-2002 Catalogue

intelligent discussion and debate is the key to understanding, and what we all need to understand is how to be an effective student. right? what do you do when you've failed your 4000-word essay and you only have \$2 for fortifying spirits? where do you go when you have a meeting with your honours supervisor but you're operating on two hours sleep and a hangover? what can you turn to when you're at uni at 3am and are in desperate need of nourishment? woroni welcomes special guests, david and margaret to their pages in a discussion of student welfare at its most important level.



going head to head

Dilemma: You need beer.

Synopsis: It's a Saturday night, you haven't been drunk in a week and you've just scraped through an exam. You have every reason in the world to justify binge drinking, but only \$10 to your name. How low will you sink for a drink?



Margaret says:

Ah, the student budget — the perfect excuse for so many otherwise inexcusable actions which allow one to eat, or, in this case, drink. I maintain that drinking is a vital part of any self-respecting student's routine. And there are measures, perfectly acceptable measures, which can be taken to ensure that the weekly, bi-weekly or even tri-weekly drinking splurge is not sacrificed for other less important expenses, electricity or food, for example.

David remarks:

I agree, but I think that food is still essential to complete the whole drinking experience. A



night out is not complete without a cholesterol-rich session at Chicken Gourmet or Dolly's, or from one of several selfless all-night vendors about town and in

the suburbs.

Margaret interjects:

I was under the impression that Canberra is one big suburb...but to return to the main point. Drinking on a budget is simple, as long as you have the right strategy. Drinking at home before one heads out is generally a much cheaper and less pretentious experience than cocktails from Hippo. One must be prepared not to drink imported or premium beers, I've been known to sink a few VB shandies from time to time which is quite trendy in a subversive kind of way.

David continues:

Yes, I'm quite enamoured to the practice of drinking Goon from a wine-glass. But for the student who wants to drink away from the safety of their living room, I recommend the RSL. The Civic 'Rissole' in particular has always had a special place in my heart for its abundance of mullets and stonewashed jeans. The fact that one has to sign in also makes one feel comfort-

able in the knowledge that the vigilant staff will allow no riff-raff to stumble in off the streets. To add to all these endearing qualities, the price of drinks is extraordinarily reasonable — on some nights the deal is four drinks for \$10. Nevermind that you will be drinking Karloff vodka (Australian made) or Dodgy McDodge's Scotch whisky, you'll hardly notice when you're watching the footy on one of six TVs they have available, or having a couple of games of pool with your new mate Bazza who asked you for a durry. Four stars for the charming Civic RSL.

Margaret muses:

Sounds like an establishment for those with acquired tastes. Charming I'm sure, but I some students find their living rooms more synonymous with the act of drinking. David, I think I'll give the comfy brown sofa four and a half stars.

(above) Drinking bourbon with the homies. (left) Avoid proposing to people on the comfy brown couch when inebriated.



Dilemma: You're an insomniac.

Synopsis: This is your life, and it's ending one minute at a time. You are not a beautiful and unique snowflake but nonetheless, you spent last night partying hard at the Uni Bar with all your mates. Two hours sleep. Twenty-three standard drinks including Midori. You have a meeting with your honours supervisor in the morning, work in the afternoon and a hot date in the evening. You need sleep...to where can you turn?



Margaret says:

This is a tale well known to many. The plot twists are diverse, and to cope students may resort to drastic measures. Red bull, guarana tablets and No Doz are all too common antidotes for the socially inspired student. The sane ones amongst us will take a quick power-nap and a cold shower in order to restore the ability to construct coherent sentences, but for the thrill seekers, little compares to the rush of kipping in a public place. The traditional spot would be on location, most likely a deserted corner of the library. I recommend for its warm heating and muggy atmosphere, the calm and understated décor is reminiscent of film noir. The aesthetically minded will tend towards the minimalist sofas of Hancock, whilst for those who require a little more atmosphere, the rhythmic whirring of the photocopiers may entice them to sleep under the Law library staircase. I personally am a great admirer of the Dogme interpretation of sleep: no props, no lighting, no soundtrack. Nothing but lush green grass, and the open air. Five stars for those who brave the Fellows Oval.

David retorts:

But Margaret I must say that I think you're really pushing the boundaries of good taste here. The insects, the mud, the sprinkler system, the homeless people who might adopt you as one of their own. Surely all these elements combine to produce a somewhat amateur piece. I mean, really, what you have just described is nothing but a travesty.

Margaret protests:

Oh David. I think now you're just being facetious.

David continues:

No, no I think not, Margaret. Surely you've moved past the Dogme fad. I mean, really, it's had its day. We should be looking back to the classics for inspiration. Who can go past, for example, the elegance of the Hepburn sunglasses. Think *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. If you're going to revel in the decadence of insomnia, why not do it in style? I think that the ideal approach here is to look at what is really central to they who go without sleep. They should be embracing the bloodshot, bleary eyes and occasional tendency to nod off at inappropriate moments as a hallmark of their art. To do otherwise would be a betrayal to Tyler Durden and all who follow in his wake.

Margaret chuckles:

David now be honest, you didn't even like *Fight Club*.

David concurs:

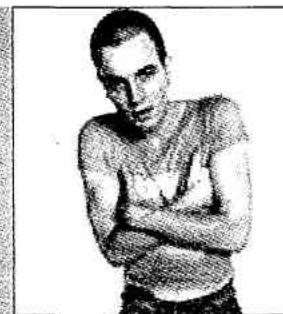
Well, that may be true, but the fact remains that sleep deprivation is nothing to be ashamed of. I'll be generous and give open air sleeping one star.

(clockwise from top left) "Who am I? Who am I? I'm a walrus." — profound revelations such as this can result from sleeping in libraries; Sleeping couples are a common sight in libraries; The word "backpack" derives from the latin word for "portable pillow".



Dilemma: You are a coffee junkie.

Synopsis: Choose life, choose caffeine. 8am lecture? Feelin' the pain? Need a quick hit to get you through the day? Or do you feel that enough is enough and it's time to make a break from this turbulent world of baristas and espresso. Choose what?



David says:

Whilst on ANU campus my preferred caffeine dealers were they of the charming Calypso. With their jolly palm tree insignia and forest-green wrought-iron outdoor seating arrangement, I give them five stars for consistently good lattes, reasonable prices (\$2.30 for an addict's dream: the flat white) and their blatant — and I say commendable — disregard for the whims of an increasingly pretentious student population. Their popularity is evident and may be an issue when you've got the shakes and need a quick hit at 12:30pm. The lunch hour rush is unkind to those in desperate need. This is a café which revels in the tradition of

good, clean, addiction. Overall, four stars from me. Margaret?

Margaret disagrees:

David, I really don't agree with you on this one. While I would never underrate the charm of Calypsos, I refuse to believe that it even holds a candle to the milieu of the Purple Pickle. I know that you have a penchant for the Old World, David, but really, I think that most of us have moved through our socialist phase and come out the other side unscathed. Though I will grant you the fact that, for the impoverished smoker, nobody comes second to Calypsos for its community-minded attitude towards imbibing nicotine. But the fact remains, that if the stu-

dents are to be truly catered for, Purple Pickle is second to none.

David interjects:

Well Margaret, you may have a point, but I refuse to believe that anyone could progress beyond socialism.

Margaret continues:

Be that as it may, David, the Purple Pickle serves infinitely better coffee and I for one love their obsession with crepes. I give the Purple Pickle five stars.

(clockwise from above) A bad caffeine craving; People in various stages of caffeine addiction; The all-curing drug itself; People in various stages of addiction (framed edition).



Dilemma: Maybe it's time for some retail therapy?

Synopsis: So like, it's Monday morning and you're like feeling fresh cause you're just out of the shower and you realise, hello, you could look SO cute today. Not because you ever look like, you know, someone from the valley or whatever, but because today is like a super, super good hair day. And you like, promenade over to your closet and you're like toast, because YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WEAR TO UNI. And man you're like freakin out cause like your entire social future depends on your total ability to not look like a farmer in your clothes. And today you were hoping to get the digits of that totally cute babe in your tute. You've got some serious shopping to do.



David says:

I thought this was a particularly pertinent issue in the lives of students today. Students in Canberra are particularly disadvantaged by the social inequality inflicted upon innocent Canbertians by the retail industry — it's a wonder that there have not been more protests against the injus-

tice of the lack of decent fashion outlets in the nation's capital. Cher and Dionne would certainly have something to say about this travesty. It's well known that your standing in the social hierarchy will dictate which stores will welcome you through their door.

Margaret interrupts:

I thought university was supposed to be free of class prejudice David!

David smirks:

Margaret, surely you are not that naïve. In any case, depending upon your stylistic leanings, there is still a relatively broad spectrum of options available to the fashion conscious.

Margaret continues:

David I know where you're going with this one. You maintain that the parameters of each genre are clear cut: Engineers shop at Target; Science students tend towards Kathmandu; Eco/Comm students prefer Portmans or Roger David, but will occasionally venture into the avant garde world of Sportsgirl. Law students shop wherever Daddy owns shares...

David rebuts:

Margaret, is that fair?

Margaret pushes on:

...and Arts students — those bastions of individuality — flout convention and are often responsible for the foundation of new movements in the world of fashion. But you and I both know that it's really not that simplistic. You would have it that there is rigid conformity to an established paradigm but we both know that the youth of today have a little more creativity, a little more freedom and a hell of a lot more scope — even in Canberra — than we give them credit for.

David interrupts:

Yes I see where you're going on this one, but you have to appreciate that students really are working on a budget and as such they're really confined to a narrow range of merchandise. Most of them shop along a well-defined route. Let's take an example: in the city one might start at Felt, move on to Rouge, Gypsy Road, Cowboys & Angels, Redpath then continue on to the mall and sample such delights as David Jones or Soho for the upmarket or those with a unhealthy regard for their credit card. In contrast, others might smarten up their old wardrobe through coopting in accessories from Oxford or Ooh La La. They might even take on the challenge of the standard streetwear of Stocks — basic bland never go out

of style. They stay on the beaten track, they don't deviate from the record, they remain within the square. I give three and a half stars for Canberran youth. Any input Margaret?

Margaret blusters:

David now I think you've really gone a little far. Canberran students staying within the square? My earrings are square and they've never attracted praise from that crowd. No I think you're not only totally out of touch here but you deliberately misunderstand the impetus under which students shop. Would the coat stand at the Thursday markets have survived this long if students had relied solely on Stocks for warmth? I give top points for resourcefulness here. Gorman House, St Vinnies, the delights of Fyshwick. And let us not forget the Buttericks and Simplicity patterns available at Lincraft. These all point towards a population that is truly on the cusp. Failing that, Oxford Street and Surrey Hills are a mere three hours drive away on the new M5. I think there is not enough appreciation for the large number of individuals who successfully mix all these elements into an eclectic gumbo of street-wise street-cred. Four stars from me.

(clockwise from top) Pouting is cute; Accessorise, accessorise, accessorise with miniature dogs; Sandy D: the ultimate makeover.

Law students shop wherever Daddy owns shares...



DRAMA

Learn to **TURN IT ON** and get some serious sympathy from your course coordinators!!!
Make your eyes flow like Niagara Falls!!!
Master 'going foetal'!!! Have a credible breakdown on the phone!! Assignment extensions, sick days, anything is possible if you learn to do it **RIGHT!!!**
Three day workshop with a theatre studies major for \$249!!! (THAT'S ALL I NEED TO SCORE MICROSOFT OFFICE XP PROFESSIONAL AT UP TO 80% OFF BEFORE APRIL 30!!!!) Hollywood hopefuls can catch me daily by the software section of the campus bookstore...



Minolta Scholarship Awards Program

Minolta is offering generous scholarship awards for software development related to digital document management and graphics management.

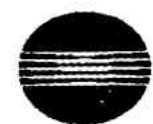
The Minolta Scholarship Awards Program is designed to contribute to the further development of information technology in Australia and to foster young engineers.

How do I enter? All you have to do to enter is submit an Essay and Self-Introductory document using Minolta's webpage www.minolta.com.au/scholarship

How soon? The deadline for application is 1 June 2002.

Then what happens? Twelve applicants will be selected to win a scholarship of \$6,500 each to complete their software. From this, five finalists will be selected, four to win \$10,000 each and one to win \$40,000!!!

For more information check out www.minolta.com.au/scholarship



MINOLTA

Minolta Co., Ltd, Minolta Business Equipment Australia Pty, Ltd.

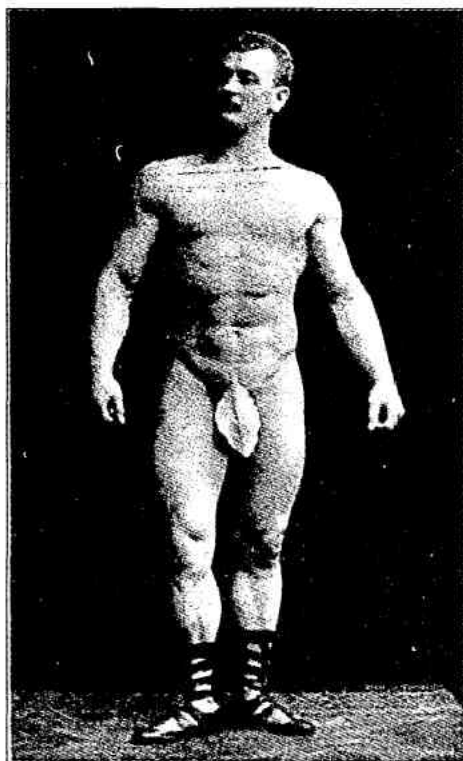
The essentials of imaging

542000

how strong are you?

daniel heard looks at strongman, the sport that makes iron weights look like strawmen.

Physical strength has fascinated people since time immemorial. Some of humankind's oldest recorded stories and myths deal with strongmen, from Samson of the Old Testament, to Beowulf in the Anglo-Saxon tradition, Hercules in the Greek, and Gilgamesh in the Mesopotamian. Strength is a primal human characteristic for which we all have an appreciation, because we all have it to a lesser or greater degree. And it is only natural that, whether it's a tribe of Cro-Magnons around a campfire or a bunch of workmates down the pub, someone sooner or later is going to start wondering: who among us is the strongest? Of course, the natural extension of that question, especially in an increasingly globalised society, is this: who is the strongest person in the world?



Victorian Strongman Eugén Sandow modelling the 1899 summer range of Gentlemen's fig leaves.

From that simple question has emerged within the last 25 years a sport which attempts to answer it: Strongman. Probably the most famous and prestigious Strongman event in the world today is simply known as "World's Strongest Man". Compared to weightlifting and powerlifting, sports in which strength is measured by either two or three (respectively) very specific lifts using a plate-loading barbell, the events in strongman are extremely varied and use unconventional equipment. Common events include the lifting of the manhood stones, smooth balls of sandstone weighing from 110 to 160 kilograms each, on to barrels or platforms; the farmer's walk, in which an extremely heavy suitcase or gas cylinder is carried in each hand for either maximum distance or fastest time; and pulling trucks, trains, passenger planes or boats with either a harness or a rope. There are more than fifteen different events which are currently contested in strongman competition worldwide, with nearly every competition having a different combination depending on what the organisers decide on. This makes for an exciting spectator sport: and it also forces the most successful top level strongmen to be very versatile athletes. They must combine tremendous all-round strength with endurance, speed and event-specific skill.

So what are the origins of Strongman? Tests of strength are probably as old or older than humankind, so it is arguable that the roots of Strongman go back into prehistory. In terms of organised strength contests, the traditional strength contests of the Scottish highlands have had a heavy influence on Strongman as it exists today. Traditional Highland Games date back centuries, recorded as early as the 12th century AD, and involved various heavy throwing contests such as Caber tossing, in which large wooden poles were tossed end-over-end, and heavy shot-put like events. The manhood stones, a staple of modern strongman competition, get their name and inspiration from a tradition amongst certain Scottish clans in which a boy was considered a man when he could lift a large stone onto a plinth. Stone-lifting contests are also a tradition amongst the Basque people, and a tradition which continues to this day in their culture (the Basques live in a small region straddling the borders of France and Spain, from the sea in the east to the Pyrenees to the west).

England and continental Europe in the Victorian era saw the emergence of "strongman" performances in circuses and stage shows. Although many "professional" strongmen of that era were prone to trickery and exaggeration in their shows, there were undeniably some tremendously strong individuals whose physique and strength demonstrations were both genuine and extremely popular. Amongst these were the famous Eugén Sandow, Arthur Saxon, Thomas Inch and the mighty Frenchman Louis Uni, whose stage name was Apollon. Inch and Apollon have both left legacies which are particularly relevant to modern-day strongman. Thomas Inch was famous for his unliftable "Challenge" Dumbbell: a cast iron dumbbell weighing 172 pounds (74.5kg) with a handle 2.36 inches thick (see the picture at the head of this page). For comparison, a normal exercise barbell is just over one inch thick: the handle on Inch's "bell" was nearly as thick as a Coke can, and this made lifting it a tremendous challenge to

the grip strength of the would-be strongman. Inch used to offer prizes of up to 200 pounds to anyone in the audience at his shows who could lift the 'bell from the floor with one hand; virtually none of the thousands who tried were even able to budge it from the boards.

Apollon's trademark feat of strength was the Apollon's Axle: two railway train wheels attached to a non-revolving bar 1.93 inches in diameter. The entire setup weighed 166 kilograms (heavier than the largest production Harley Davidson motorcycle), and Apollon was able to clean and jerk the monstrous bar overhead in Olympic weightlifting style. No one else managed to do this while Apollon was alive (he died in 1928), but subsequently five men have managed the feat. Two of those men actually lifted a replica of Apollon's Axle at the Arnold Schwarzenegger Classic Strongman challenge in February this year: Mark Henry (of WWF fame) and World's Strongest Man competitor Mark Phillip. It is a tribute to Apollon's phenomenal strength that even 74 years after his death, and in an age of rampant drug abuse only two of seven competitors in this contest were able to duplicate his feat.

The Thomas Inch connection arises partly because, as a separate event to the contest itself, Arnold offered \$1000 to the strongman who could lift a replica of Inch's Challenge Dumbbell to the greatest height off the ground. One of the contestants, an American named Phil Pfister, managed to lift the 'bell to his shoulder and then jerk it overhead with one hand, but was unfortunately disqualified because he briefly touched the 'bell with his left hand to balance it during the lift. For his effort, however, Arnie awarded Phil a bonus \$1000 prize.



The mighty Englishman Thomas Inch about to throw out a couple of old bags.

An interesting piece of trivia: the original Thomas Inch challenge 'bell was at one stage owned by British strongman David Prowse. Mr Prowse is perhaps better known as the man who played Darth Vader in the *Star Wars* trilogy (though of course his lines were



What a nice little tyre: all 400 kilos of it.

voiced over by James Earl Jones in the finished movie). Prowse was also in the Kubrick classic *A Clockwork Orange*: he played the muscular bodyguard of the wheelchair-bound writer Alex bashes at the start of the movie.

The history of modern strongman competition begins in 1977, when a Scottish man named Doug Webster issued invitations to several famous men in various strength and muscle related fields to determine who was the "World's Strongest Man". Power lifters, bodybuilders, Olympic lifters and track and field specialists competed in events from tyre throwing to barrel lifting. Since that time, Strongman has grown into a sport in its own right, rather than merely a novel spectacle strength athletes from other disciplines compete in as a sideline.

To make it to the World's Strongest Man competition today usually involves qualifying through national level Strongman contests in the competitor's home country, although a number of wild card entries are offered to other promising candidates as well. Strongman is becoming increasingly popular world wide, particularly in Europe and the US, where numerous national and local level competitions are held each year.

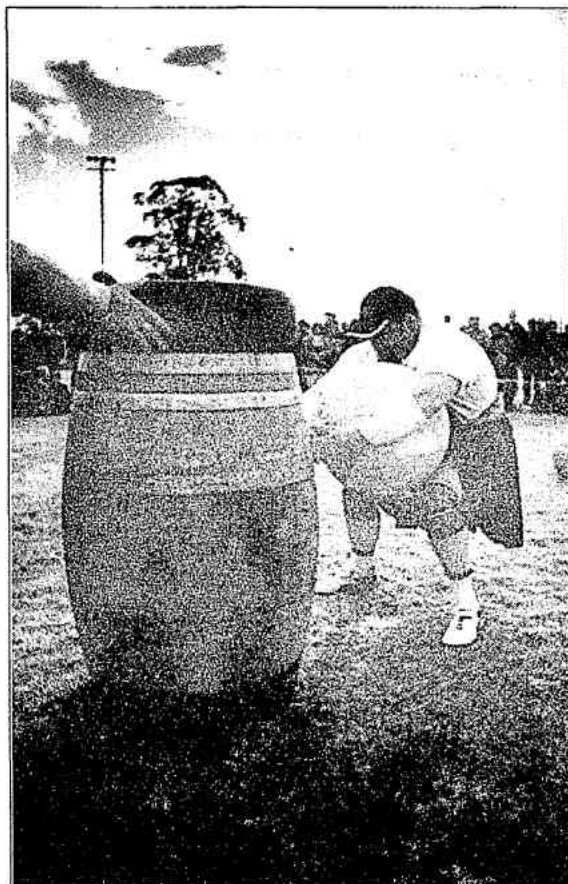
According to Mic Sidonio, Manager of the ANU Gym and record-holding Australian Strongman competitor, these days more people are starting to get into Strongman directly, rather than from another sport.

"A lot of people now are getting started in Strongman, a bit like I did, from Strongman.

They do a bit of gym work and discover Strongman, then build up their strength specifically for that sport."

Mic, who currently holds the Australian record for the Farmer's Walk event (he carried 160kg in each hand for 51 meters in Sydney last year), started out as a bodybuilder before switching over to focus more on strength training. He got his start in Strongman after competing in an Olympic lifting contest at the ANU and beating another well-known Australian Strongman named David Huxley. David approached Mic after the competition and asked if he was interested in participating in a strength demonstration he was putting together through his company, the Tartan Warriors.

"David was looking for someone to demonstrate the lifting of the manhood stones as part of his show. I didn't know what these stones were like, so I asked him if he could loan me one. I kept it in the storeroom at the ANU gym, and I used to roll it out the back of the Sports Union and practice lifting it on my lunch break. The first time I trained on it I tore the skin off my forearms, even though I was wearing long sleeves! We did the first Tartan Warriors Strongman show at a Westfield shoppingtown in March 1995, and that was my official start in Strongman."



Besides holding the Australian Farmer's Walk record, Mic also earned second place in the 1999 Trans-Tasman Strongman contest, held in New Zealand. While he finished third in the competition, the winner was disqualified for testing positive to anabolic steroids. Mic has never used drugs. He has been tested three times during his Strongman career, and passed each time.

"Unfortunately the reality is steroids are fairly heavily used in Strongman, although not as heavily as in the sport of bodybuilding. In the World's Strongest Man contest they don't test for steroids, but they do test for stimulants or anything that might make a person crazy: probably because the competition is made for TV."

In Australia the situation is better, because for many years the largest promoter of Strongman events was Sanitarium, a well known Seventh Day Adventist company. Since the organisation didn't want to be associated with a drug-infested sport, there was some effort put into drug testing in Australia.

"From my discussions with Strongman com-

petitors overseas, Australia seems to be pretty unique. As far as I know no other national or international Strongman competition tests for steroids. I think there are still a lot of strength athletes who compete naturally, but to get on the world stage there is sadly a lot of pressure to take drugs."

Internationally, Strongman as a sport is going from strength to strength, especially in Europe and the United States. There is now a substantial Strongman circuit in the US, with dozens of national level competitions annually. Finland

has about 10 International level tournaments each year, and boasts a very high quality field of strongmen. Many other countries are witnessing a boom in the popularity of strength contests, including not only modern strongman but also traditional



Highland games contests.

The organisers of World's Strongest Man also ran the inaugural World's Strongest Woman competition last year: the women compete in the same events as the men, with the only difference being that lighter weights are used. Nevertheless, the female athletes are still far stronger than the average man: Jill Mills, 2001 World's Strongest Woman, can lift the back wheels of a small car off the ground!

In Australia, unfortunately, there is currently little in the way of official competition since Sanitarium decided to end its long association with the sport. Currently Strongman mainly exists in this country in the form of event demonstrations and shows put on by individuals and groups like the Tartan Warriors. Mic is currently planning to just enjoy demonstrating Strongman as a hobby for the next couple of years, as travelling overseas to compete has proved difficult.

Asked if he had any parting words for aspiring strongmen or women, Mic had this to offer:

"My advice to new trainees is to do it naturally, do it slowly, focus on the big exercises, enjoy life, and don't get obsessed with how strong you are because at the end of the day it doesn't really matter."

Those interested in seeing Strongman competitions should keep their eye on the Pay TV sports channels, as contests are often televised in the post-prime-time slots.



Mic showing the crowd at Summernats why it's a bad idea to park in a Strongman.

finding a place for reconciliation

since its inception in 1972, the aboriginal tent embassy has been integral to aboriginal political protest in Australia. In 2000, the federal government unveiled plans for Reconciliation Place, currently being constructed in the parliamentary triangle. Their co-existence in such close proximity promises to be, at best, uneasy. **miranda tetlow** investigates.

reconcile v.t. make friendly after estrangement; make resigned; harmonise, make compatible; reconciliation n.

Reconciliation. As a word, it is bandied about wantonly in political speeches, community workshops and throughout the media. Few, however, would deny that the topic of reconciliation is one of the more contentious issues in contemporary Australian race relations. In isolation, the sentiment is an important one. Racial equality, in many ways, is dependent on Australians acknowledging and addressing the injustice that continues to be inflicted upon Aboriginal people. However, as Aboriginal elder Kevin Buzzacott at the Tent Embassy told *Woroni*, "the thing about reconciliation is that people don't even know what the word is, the word doesn't seem to be right". To many Aboriginal communi-

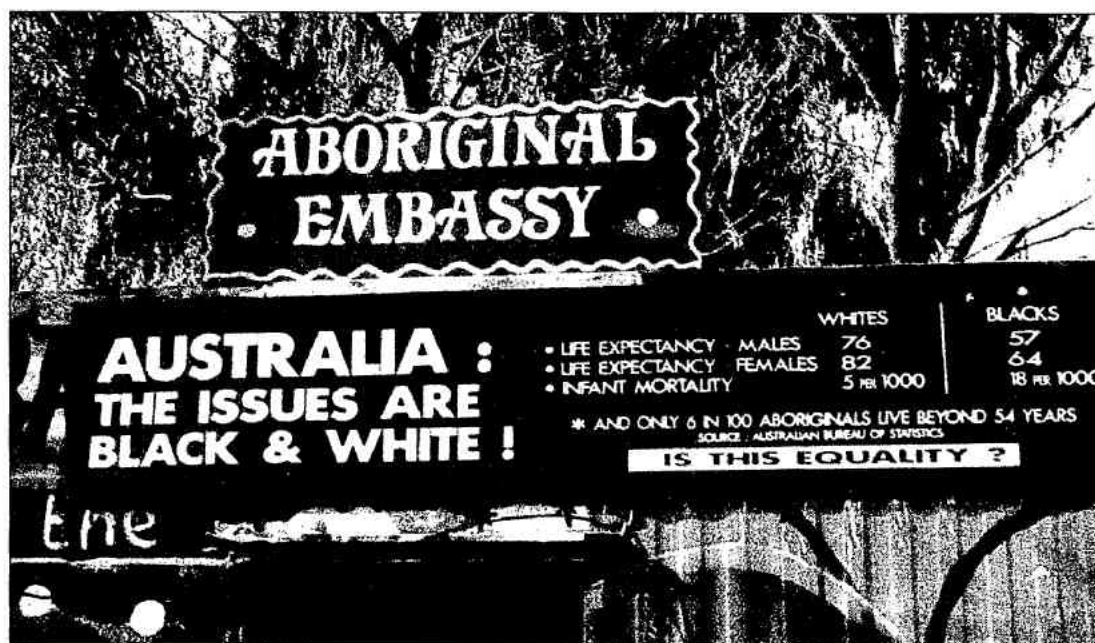
ties, 'reconciliation' is seen only as a term created by white Australia, to absolve white Australian guilt, and to relieve them of any com-

different people of the Australian nation, and will include a memorial and depiction of the removal of children from their families as part of the very difficult and traumatic experience of the indigenous people of this community."

Reconciliation Place will contain "slivers" or irregular monuments of glass and steel incorporating sounds, images and words. They have been designed to signify different aspects of the reconciliation process, including issues arising from native title and the 1967 referendum. These will stand along the pathways with a mound or hill in the centre to signify the journey toward understanding. This is currently under construction in the Parliamentary triangle, with a pedestrian walkway designed to link the Science and Technology Centre and National Library with the High Court and National Gallery.

Naturally, the question arises: what meaning can a monument dedicated to reconciliation have in Australia when no one would dare suggest that reconciliation has been achieved, and many would contest that it has started at all? Although the young Canberra team which won the competition to create Reconciliation Place included an indigenous representative, its overall design and placement has also been criticised by some

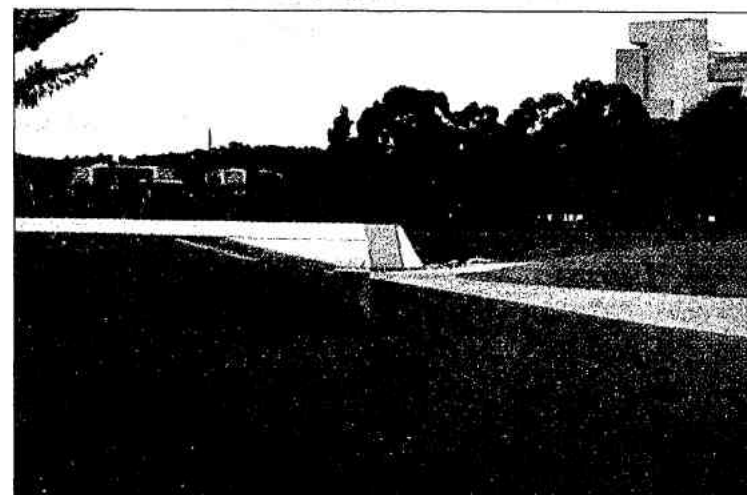
(below) Reconciliation Place currently under construction in the Parliamentary triangle.



mitment to improve present conditions.

Reconciliation Place has (supposedly) been designed to garner the spirit of reconciliation in relation to the past, present and future. The project was initiated in response to the September 2000 marches when over 500,000 Australians protested at the lack of formal apology to the Stolen Generations by John Howard. The Prime Minister announced in December 2000 that:

'Reconciliation place will...recognise the shared journey between the





Aboriginal campaigners in Canberra. Mayangutta-Wada (Steven Bowditch), Kevin Buzzacott, Margaret Campbell and Dallas Dodd, are among those who argue that the construction itself is antithetical to Aboriginal conceptions of spirituality and geometric design.

The vast expenditure (at least \$5.5 million) on its plush lawns and displays in the relative urban prosperity of Canberra is also astounding when one considers the potential of such money if it was spent targeting problems like the dearth of indigenous health services in rural and remote Australia.

The Principal of AIATSIS (Australian Institute for Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander studies) Russ Taylor, declined to comment on Reconciliation Place to *Woroni*, and the ATSIC (Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Commission) Queanbeyan Regional Council will conduct meetings this week to formulate their position, but the lack of consultation with Aboriginal groups and individuals over the plans has been strongly criticised by many organisations, individuals and political figures. The "separation sliver", designed as a monument to the Stolen Generation, features photographs and sound recordings of children playing and singing, much to the horror of members of the Stolen Generation like Ruth Linow

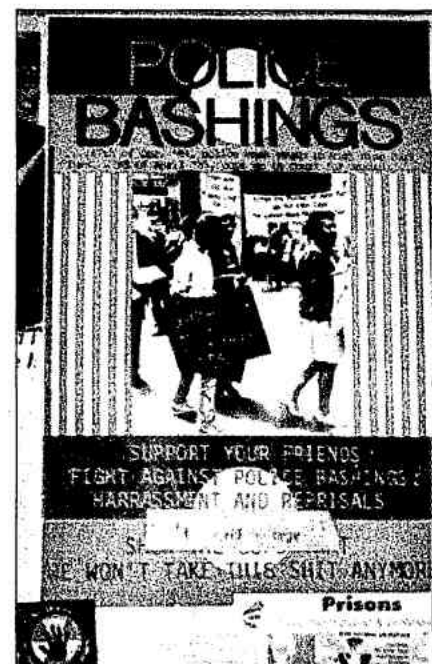
of the Ngunnawal people and Audrey Kinnear, Co-Chair of the National Sorry Day Committee. Marie-Louise Melito concurred, "I can assure you we did not laugh nor did we play". They, among others, have been devastated that the trauma and suffering of this experience has been overlooked in the content of displays. Co-patrons of the National Sorry Day Committee Malcolm Fraser and Carol Kendall have also pointed out that "the lack of consultation on the content and design of this place threatens to make it more a source of division than of reconciliation". In spite of this, Promotions Director Jeremy Lasek from the National Capital Authority still maintained to *Woroni* that "there has been quite broad support for Reconciliation Place" but did concede that "the Sorry Day Committee were concerned with one of the artworks, and that they are still trying to address these issues." He defended the "separation sliver", saying that designers "didn't want to single out individuals, but instead tried to capture the whole essence of separation."



(above) Kevin Buzzacott, long standing Tent Embassy elder.

Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Affairs, Phillip Ruddock, also rejected the need for consultation with the Stolen Generation, despite having previously conferred with veteran groups over commemorative memorials for Australians engaged in the military. He argued that since only a small percentage of indigenous children were removed by force, the term "stolen generation" excluded other experiences. In

In December 2001, protesters converged on the site in Canberra as it was revealed that not one member of the Stolen Generation had been consulted with about the relevant displays, and concerns were vocalised that the Federal Government was attempting to revise and whitewash history. This is no spurious claim when one considers that in a recent submission to a Senate Inquiry, the Howard Government claimed that "there never was a stolen generation of Aboriginal people". Minister for Reconciliation,





(above) Harry Hayes, one of the many long term visitors to the Tent Embassy.

face of this behaviour by the Federal Government, Senator Aden Ridgeway was among those who demanded a boycott on the proposed Reconciliation Place. He stated that "until such time as the [Stolen Generation] sanction this monument to a full and proper account of history, no decent-thinking Australian should violate the sanctity of human emotions by giving support where it is not deserved."

To further the irony, almost a stone's throw away from Reconciliation Place lies the Aboriginal Tent Embassy on the grounds outside old Parliament House. It was founded on 26 January 1972 by Michael Anderson, Billy Craigie, Gary Williams and Tony Coorey, although Commonwealth police pulled it down six months later. The Embassy emerged in response to the government's refusal to recognise land rights, and to pursue issues of self determination, sovereignty and the entrenched discrimination and persecution of Aboriginal people. It was inspired particularly by the Gurindji people's strike at Wave Hill in 1967, when they protested the delays in the implementation of equal pay and raised the issue of land rights, and this was followed by a landmark, although unsuccessful, native title claim by the Yirrkala people of Gove. Since 1972, the Tent Embassy has been a symbol of indigenous struggle and activism in Australia, and celebrating its 30th birthday on 26 January 2002, there can be no



doubt of the importance this colourful collection of tents and buildings hold in Australia's recent history.

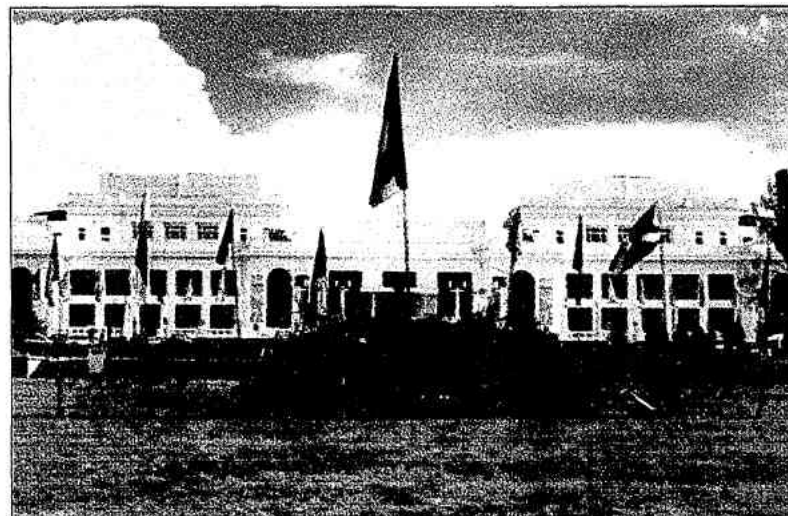
Jeremy Lasek from the NCA insisted that there was "no real connection between [Reconciliation Place and the Tent Embassy]. Reconciliation place is an ongoing project, and it is not

seen as a sacred site, but rather one that tells stories about the path towards reconciliation. The Tent Embassy is a protest site, highlighting issues of concern." However, while these differences between the two sites should be noted, to those manning the Tent Embassy, Reconciliation Place feels like a particularly empty gesture when the concerns which first prompted the Tent Embassy in 1972 are yet to be adequately addressed. In an interview with *Woroni*, spokesperson Kevin Buzzacott noted that, "Reconciliation

place, they haven't even consulted the people about it... This embassy's got unfinished business with the government and all the people, the foreigners of this country... We still haven't been able to get them down to have a talk, or to start a peace talk or common ground talk. And even during the 30 years celebration we asked them to come down and have a yarn with us, to hear what we're talking on about but they still haven't been down."

Kevin Buzzacott spoke further about his experiences and involvement with the Embassy, "I came here about seven years ago to look at the place and [then] I was doing other stuff, and I

vans [on the site]". He feels that the Tent Embassy misrepresents indigenous concerns, and that they have a largely "easy ride. They don't have to pay rent and [are supported by] donations." On the other hand, Buzzacott argues that, "ATSIC and all those other places come out of [the Embassy]. When this mob come here and did all that big statement, the benefit, land councils and other organisations come out of this... It's like we're the forgotten mob. They say ATSIC and other government bodies are representing us. They don't represent



us... Australia talks about all the black dollars and the service providers that are there to help but we haven't seen one dollar of that." The validity and representative nature of the Tent Embassy also came under interrogation in the controversy surrounding the removal of the Coat of Arms from old Parliament House.

The Tent Embassy declared that, "the [kangaroo and emu] belong to the Aboriginal peoples. The Commonwealth Government uses them in the coat of arms without our permission. They have no authority. Aboriginal peoples have more than 40,000 jurisdiction. We are the real law of this land." Litigation, particularly over land rights, continues to be a key part of activism stemming from the Embassy, and this case will soon be heard in the High Court. Many indigenous groups have been quick to condemn their methods however, including ATSIC who declared that their action "[could not] be condoned", although they acknowledged the frustration and despair such actions stemmed from. Former ACT Chief Minister Gary Humphries talked to *Woroni* about whether he thought the Tent Embassy was representative of indigenous concerns. He forwarded the opinion that:

"While I suspect most indigenous Australians would back many of the messages put forward

"The Embassy is living testament to our on-going struggle for the recognition of our inherent rights. As long as we are treated as strangers in our own land there will be a need for the Embassy."
Geoff Clark, ATSIC

come back here about four years ago and I've been at it full on ever since.... I know some of the mob that started this place, some of them have passed on, but their families are pretty well involved with it. [Others] are from here, some are the local people around here, some, like myself come from other [states].... What the government tends to do is just bag us. They say we've got no right to be here, [that] we're trouble makers and god knows what else, but they're missing the big picture."

Whether the Tent Embassy adequately represents the interests of indigenous Australians is a matter of great debate. Some Aboriginal groups in Canberra are quite vocal on this issue. Arnold Williams from the Nugunnawal Land Council expressed the opinion to *Woroni* that "the Tent Embassy should be closed down. They've got the right to protest, but not to build fireplaces, buses and cara-



by the Embassy, many would question the manner of their delivery. Certainly local Ngunawal people express severe misgivings about its current relevance... Like any institution in Australia generally, it has both its supporters and detractors.... Other vehicles for reconciliation are being or have been devised. It is appropriate to use them, and to discard those—the Tent Embassy—included that have ceased to serve a useful purpose.”

The Tent Embassy has certainly had its fair share of denigrators, and is no stranger to political slurs and name calling. In 1999, National Capital Authority (NCA) Chairman, Air Marshal David Evans, called it an “eyesore and blight on the national capital” and said it should be removed. Senator Ian MacDonald referred to it as “[a] collection of ramshackle and illegal buildings”, and the ever notorious David Oldfield, former adviser to Pauline Hanson’s One Nation Party, declared it to be an assortment of “drunk filled humpies”.

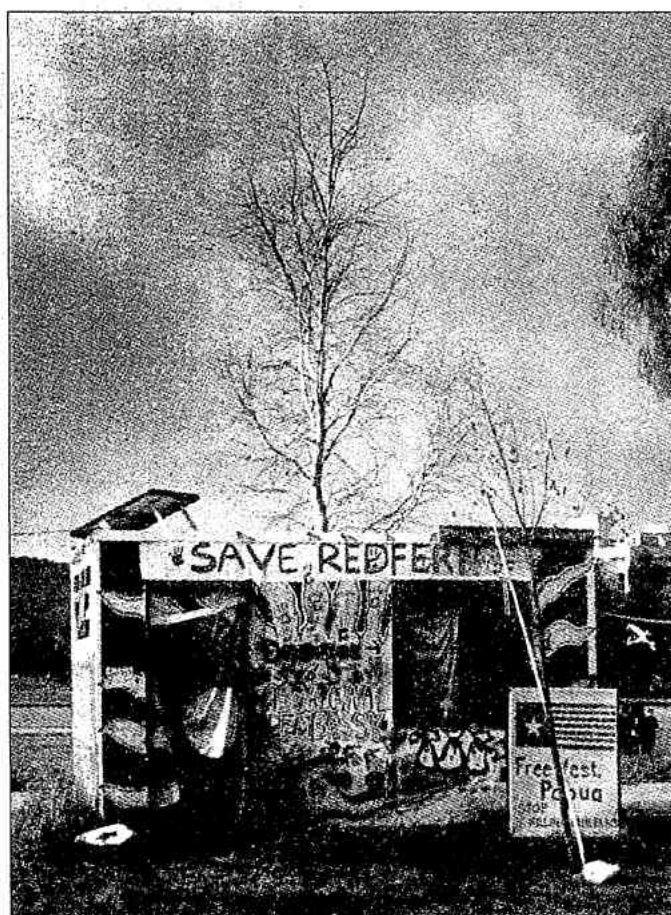
Standing in the presence of the vibrant, colourful and politically evocative Tent Embassy, however, none of these forementioned descriptions springs to mind. In one hour, three bus loads of tourists and other visitors arrived to take photos, chat with those present at the Embassy, and were invited to place a gum leaf in the ceremonial fire to promote peace and understanding. The buildings, the posters inside and the Aboriginal campaigners present all tell a vivid story of the continuing history of police violence toward Aborigines, deaths in custody, infant mortality and the desire for native title reforms. Harry Hayes, whose people hail from the Gippsland region, had stayed at the tent embassy for almost a month. He was inspired by what he had learnt from his time there, and told us of his hope and optimism

for reconciliation. “I think... there will be a treaty eventually...it’ll all happen one step at a time”. In this manner, the Tent Embassy may be seen not just a historical site, but also a body encouraging continued activism and one that may promote future reconciliation. Its significance as a meeting point for friends and family and its ceremonial uses should also not be forgotten. Geoff Clark, Chair of ATSIC, attested to the importance of the Tent Embassy in a media release prior to the 30th anniversary, stating that:

“The Embassy is living testament to our on-going struggle for the recognition of our inherent rights. It reminds us of this nation’s failure to fully come to terms with the realities of our shared history and to correct the mistakes of the past. As long as we are treated as strangers in our own land there will be a need for the Embassy.”

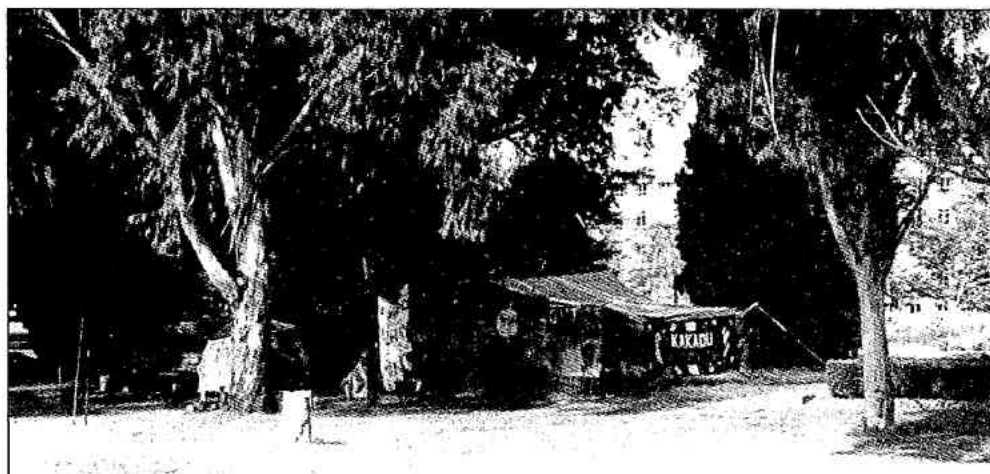
Just how secure the Tent Embassy’s site outside old Parliament House is remains to be seen. The site, including the ceremonial fire place, received Heritage status in May 1995, with listing on the Register of the National Estate. However, the Commonwealth Government is the only body whose actions are constrained by this. The National Capital Authority, which controls the development of the Parliamentary triangle, is a commonwealth agency, and although a commitment to the recognition of indigenous heritage is supposedly one of their objectives, their position on the Tent Embassy is far from clear. Lasek stated that “our role is that of land managers. Our concerns about the Tent Embassy regard a duty of care, to ensure that the area is safe and accessible to all people. There have been ongoing issues with the grass un-

cut, or live power lines being exposed.” His view was that the future of the Tent Embassy would be a political decision. Relations between the NCA and the Tent Embassy have been fraught in recent history. Past NCA actions have included the re-



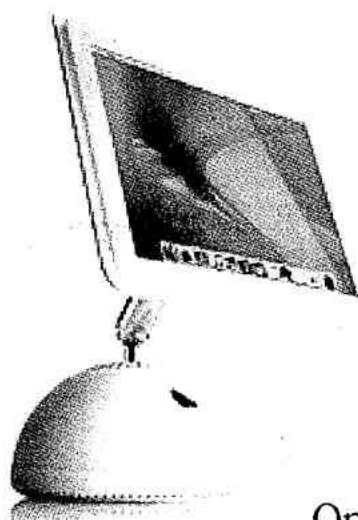
moval in 1999 of 211 spears and a ceremonial fire lit in protest from the lawns of new Parliament House, declared to be “unapproved structures”. They have also attempted to use ACT ordinances to “urge” the Tent Embassy to remove “illegal structures”. The Tent Embassy certainly still fears removal at any time. “I still think [they] will try and shut us down. So that might cause a bit of a headache, but we’ll see what happens. We haven’t got nowhere else to go... We just sit around hoping that a little bit of faith will make something happen out there, and that people can come down and have a yarn.”

If Reconciliation Place seems illogical and vacuous given the reluctant commitment to reconciliation displayed by the Government, it is even more so given the lack of support shown and extended to the Tent Embassy as the most enduring site of Aboriginal political struggle in Australia. And if the Howard Government cares to turn its mind to ‘eyesores’, the sterile and imported rose garden next door to the Tent Embassy springs more readily to mind, let alone the so-called Reconciliation Place.



woroni wants you.
we are looking for contributors keen to write reviews, features, opinion pieces and news articles. feeling inspired?
email us at woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au and kick start your student hack career now.

AppleCentre



Open 7 days.
Woden Plaza Ph 6285 0829
Westfield Belconnen Ph 6253 5589

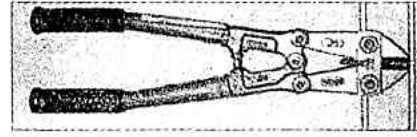
Special prices for students and teachers.



SAUSAGE SIZZLE

The Vegan Society is having a BBQ!! NATURALLY ONE TIME ONLY! Have some lamb with your nut meat!! Throw some snags in with your tofu burger!! All you can eat for 1 DOLLAR... until we raise \$249 TO GET MICROSOFT OFFICE XP PROFESSIONAL (at which point the flames will be promptly doused!) Good thing it's up to 80% OFF before April 30!! For location details find us by the software section in the campus bookstore.

truth deserted



elizabeth sandford talks to amir, a refugee recently released from woomera, and finds the truth behind the razor wire very different from the spin of secrets and lies that cloud the detention issue.

One of the biggest problems we — as the general public — face regarding the detention of refugees in Australia is the lack of reliable information provided to us, and therefore the inability to make informed judgements about the system and process. Couple that with the intense emotion, media hype and misinformation circulating, and the topic becomes one of those issues that you are not really sure you should mention at a dinner party (or in a tute), because it is just too contentious, and you are really not sure how everyone will react (although everyone is bound to have their own, strong, differing opinion.)

So what really is going on inside Woomera? This is a simple question without an easy answer. While I was in Adelaide over the summer, I was fortunate enough to meet a man called Amir who has recently been released from Woomera (having been granted asylum), and some of the lawyers working (pro bono) on the applications of those asylum seekers yet to be processed / being processed.

Amir's Story

Amir, having gained his PhD in the West, was one of the top biological scientists in Iraq. There are no prizes for guessing which project Saddam Hussein decided Amir should work on thanks to his particular skills and talents. Needless to say, Amir was not particularly keen on the idea of being the mastermind behind manufacturing biological weapons for a despot, or worse, inventing new ones. That said, it is not particularly easy to say no to a dictator either. So, Amir was forced to flee the country.

(It is not as though he would have been able to apply through the Australian embassy to be placed on the waiting list out of Iraq. You don't stand up Saddam Hussein and get away with it.) The bad news is that he was forced to leave his family behind. Making the choice between leaving his family and fleeing as a refugee, or staying and working for Saddam is not a choice I would have liked to make. To top it off, after having made the horrific journey out to Australia via people smugglers in Indonesia, Amir was detained along with a large group of other people and transported to Woomera. He spent 18 months there being processed before finally being released. Now Amir needs to get a job in order to be able to convert his visa to a type that allows him to bring out his wife and kids to Australia. But get this, all of the employers he has been applying to for work have been telling him that he is overqualified.

My Impressions of Amir

Meeting Amir over a coffee with a mutual friend was pretty incredible. I had never met anyone from Iraq before and was itching to ask him lots of questions about what life in Iraq was really like. Was it as awful as we are led to believe by the media? But I was instantly put off grilling him as soon as he spoke. Amir is a brilliant man who has had to endure a hell of a lot in the way of hard choices and hard times. That said, he has a rare aura of stoicism. He seems a bit sad and worn-out as a result of his experiences, but at the same time really positive about the future. He is an extremely gen-



tle man, with a quiet, strong sense of purpose. The one thing that impressed me, through much discussion of how his job-hunting was going and how his work as an interpreter at Woomera was helping the other refugees inside the centre, was his real desire to put back into the community. He said that Australia had done so much for him already, and was such a great place to live that all he wanted was to get a job and bring his family to Australia so that

[Below:] Asylum seekers behind bars at Marybnong detention centre.



he could begin making a useful contribution to his new community. Through further discussion with the lawyers that were present, I discovered that many of the refugees that have been released from the centre echo similar sentiments. And the benefit for Australians is that these people have so much to offer. They bring new skills, methods, ideas and concepts with them, which when utilised by the Australian community can only serve to expand and strengthen our knowledge, experience and cultural base as a whole.

The Inside Story

One thing Amir and the lawyers with him were happy to talk about was the conditions inside Woomera. The main obstacle to genuine description of the conditions in Woomera is that the basic facilities are being provided *to the extent* that the facility's management can claim that they are providing everything they are *obliged to* without being complete liars. Facilities, however, are not being provided at a sufficient standard. Take a trivial example – the provision of tea and coffee. Tea and coffee are provided, along with the other things such as hot water necessary to make a cuppa. However, in a dining hall that caters to around 750, there are only two stations from which you can actually obtain tea or coffee. This means that if you eat in that dining room, you need to cue for 15 to 20 minutes just to get a cuppa. Furthermore, if everyone eats at set meal times college-style, then if you get on the end of the dinner-cue as well as the cue for tea and coffee, you will definitely miss out on at least one of the two.

Inadequate tea and coffee provision does not amount to a human rights violation on its own, but the problem is that the nature of this example holds true for virtually all of the services provided. TV for example is provided, but curiously enough is never tuned to a channel that is showing the news (even though outside information is the TV's main *raison d'être* in the facility). So how do you find out what is going on outside? Simple. You don't.

However, one of the hardest things to live with is the lack of mental stimulation. There are no activities, and anybody who tries to organise activities – such as teaching some of the imprisoned children – rapidly gets shifted from the subsection he or she was in to another compound to prevent that person from becoming a leader and uniting the detainees in any way. This has led to the destruction of people's sense of utility. Further, the constant shifting of people to and from different groups (all locked in separate compounds) means that nobody has a chance to maintain strong friendships or support networks which would not only provide moral and psychological support

whilst in the facility, but would probably serve as a good foundation for a support network in the wider community when detainees are released.

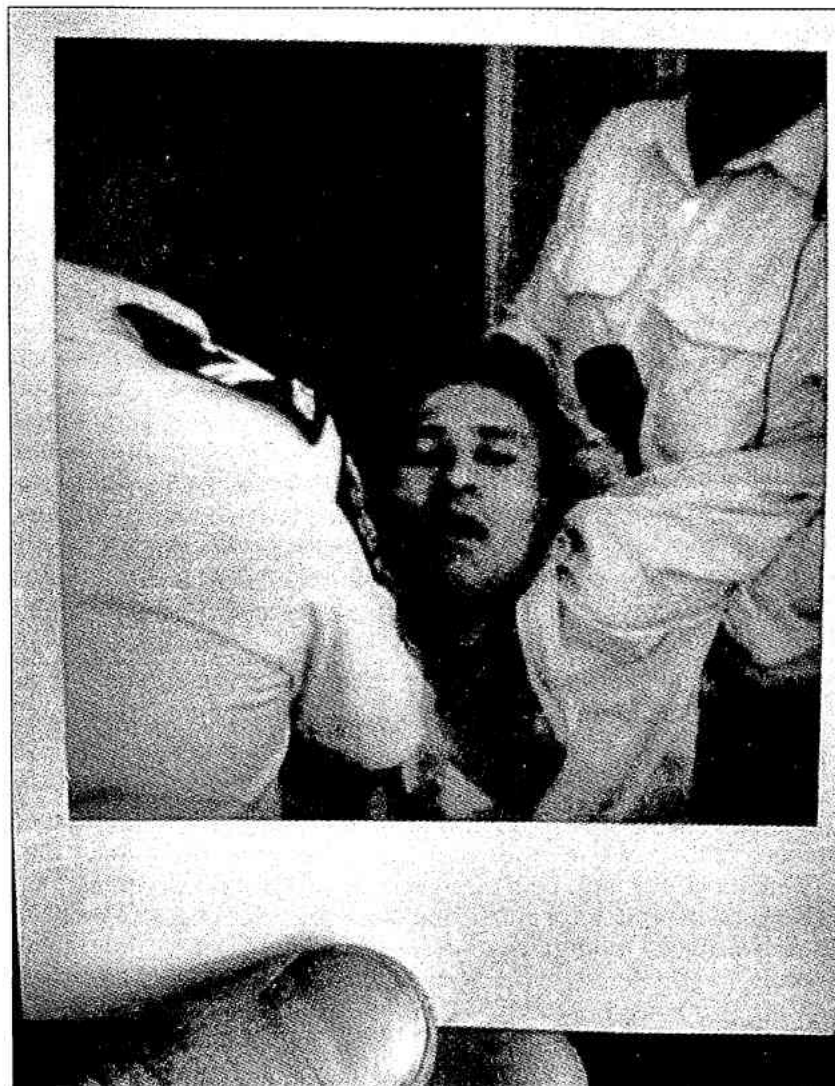
Combine the lack of stimulation with the intolerably slow processing of applications, and basically all the detainees have to do each day is sit and think about how long their application is taking and whether or not they will receive a fair trial from what is in many ways an extremely discretionary system. All of these pressures are of course coming hot on the heels of experiences many of us cannot begin to imagine. Many people arrive psychologically or even physically scarred, and are still in the process of dealing with that trauma with-



(Above) Aerial photograph of Woomera detention centre.

even in union square, because I honestly do not think that that would have much effect in this case. What I would suggest though is that we, as a community, demand more information and transparency about what is going on in these facilities. If people are throwing themselves on razor wire and being voluntarily buried in mock graves, it cannot be because everything inside is just fine and that the protesting inmates are just loony. To be honest it's pretty insulting that the general public are considered stupid enough to fall for that excuse.

In a so-called information-age, lack of verifiable truth about what our own government (supposedly one of the more transparent public organizations) is up to, using our votes as the foundation of their legitimacy, is surely unacceptable? So, if you want to know more (especially without the benefit of layer over layer of media sensationalism), write to your MP and demand to know more. After all, MPs are public servants, and you are the public, therefore they are there to serve you. It seems that the strength of public opinion may be slowly forcing the government's hand on Woomera, with Immigration Minister Philip Ruddock speculating on closing the facility down, but is it really any solution to simply set up similar camps elsewhere, as mooted by Ruddock for Port Augusta? Or, do we need to think harder about a complete overhaul of the system? Lots of questions and not a lot of answers, I'm sorry, but that is pretty typical of this topic. I hope, however, that I have presented some food for thought.



(Above) Polaroid of re-captured asylum seeker found at recent protests at Woomera.

out professional support. Combined with the less than adequate conditions, it is no wonder that many people in the facility are being prescribed anti-depressants as a band-aid measure. And as we all know, drugs are not the answer...

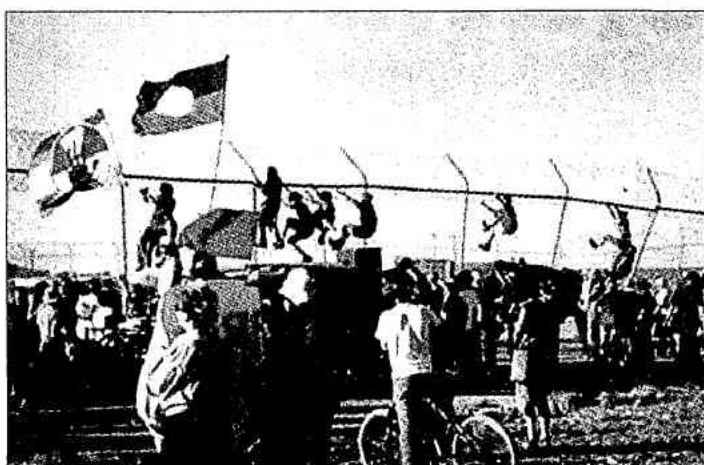
So What?

Arguments as to whether or not detention centres are appropriate or even legal aside, how can we better manage the system we seem stuck with? What can we, as average uni bums do about it? Fear not, I'm not about to advocate a mass protest at the gates of the detention centre, or

(Below) Asylum seekers protest against detention.



(Below) Protesters bring down a fence at Woomera.



triple j hottest 100 volume 9
leo shanahan



For the new *Triple J Hottest 100* album we should do one of those tests that they did in the 80's with Coke and Pepsi. See if you can tell the difference between this CD and the latest copy of *Boring Bad Hits Volume 400*, I can't. It's not the fault of Triple J listeners that this compilation is of an extraordinarily commercial nature. Look at the first 30 or so of the voted list, it makes for pretty interesting reading. Not all my cup of tea mind you (Alien "we fucking suck" Ant Farm came in at number six) but still more in line with Triple J's mission statement which is, "forging a broad musical identity and giving emphasis to new and emerging musical artists." Well, the adrenalin junkies who put this record together took some pretty big risks on the likes of REM, U2 and a kid called Nick Cave. All these artists came in 50 or later in the voting, however for some strange reason all of them were included. It's really not that strange they were included, because Triple J do deals with record companies so the likes of U2 end up on this album. Would it not be

smarter to exercise a bias for new alternative bands, especially Australians? What is the point of putting a U2 song on an album that already exists on some other boring hottest hits compilation. If they want to sell excessive amounts of records why didn't they at least include the Avalanches and Rage Against the Machine, both of whom figured a lot higher in the voting. As far as the rest goes, fine Alex Lloyd an Australian at number one with "Amazing", but if you were any more boring Alex I think you would actually start communicating your songs purely through a series of hand signals and facial gestures. Did you say what? Yes 28 Days, the answer to all year seven girl's dreams are there too, with their awful pop-punk-hip-hop crap. There are about seven good bands on this whole album, notably Weezer, MGF, Daft Punk and The Strokes. If you want any of the good songs just copy them from the internet. I wouldn't bother with this album, leave it to all things college jumpers and boat shoes. After all, we're talking target audiences here.

gregorian masters of chant
mark thomson



As soon as I saw it advertised on television, I felt that I had to have it, that I would not be complete, aesthetically, spiritually, until I too owned a collection of Gregorian interpretations of popular favourites. I was wrong. This really is music for Christadelphians and child rapists. Totally, utterly humorless and bad, this album lacks even the car-crash hilarity of late Culture Club, pan pipe serenades and Beethoven "d'amore". It is crap manqué. The authors of this obscene and aborted thing, whose names and dioceses are never mentioned, have retained the fundamental ingredient of sacred music: pious droning. But there remain many questions of authenticity. If the monks of medieval Spain had had access to drum machines and the Yamaha home organ, would they have used them promiscuously, to the glory of God? And what does canon law have to

say about the vernacular, instrumental solos and sound effects? This CD shows how conversion into a schmaltz idiom can turn any music, from Navaho song to Orff's fascist "Carmina Burana", into pulp, a sort of desiccated cultural residuum. There is no point descending to an attack on individual tracks, which include "Losing My Religion", "When a Man Loves a Woman" and Gregorian "Fade to Grey": they are all indistinguishably bad. Like most music before Monteverdi, Gregorian chant isn't worth the bother. But this ghastly mutant, which could never have succeeded, fails even to amuse. Its anonymous authors deserve to suffer the full, unforgiving rigour of the outraged monks of Santo Domingo de Silos and their Inquisition.

the royal tenenbaums original soundtrack
hr nicholson



The Royal Tenenbaums original soundtrack reminds me very much of the movie, very self aware of how very cool and New York City it all is. I can't work out exactly whether this is a good thing or it just irritates me. Regardless, the music turns out pretty good and that's the main thing I guess. The original stuff is done by Mark Mothersbaugh of *Devo* fame. Much of it reminds me of the original stuff on *Buffalo 66*, except Wes Anderson didn't do all the music like Vincent Gallo and it's not quite as interesting, but then again I don't think Wes Anderson is as mentally unstable as Vincent Gallo. Overall the whole thing's quite melancholy which fits in with the films kind of existentialist themes. Also like the film, it picks up periodically and essentially wants to have fun. The soundtrack boasts some pretty big names in the world of trendy New York folksy stuff (that is an official genre by the way) with the likes of Elliot Smith and Nick Drake. This album breathes some life into the living corpse which is Bob

Dylan with "Wigwam". Along with trendy old New York punk acts some of which aren't from New York at all (once again I'm pretty sure that's an official genre), these include Velvet Underground, The Clash, and a band which will make me buy an album any day of the week, The Ramones. This record really seems to take the art of the soundtrack quite seriously (as opposed to say 90 per cent of everything else on the market, which has the tendency to take a couple of songs by U2 and Korn, add a final remark by the RZA and then present us with the soundtrack to *I Know What You Did on the Canberra Day Long Weekend*). It seeks to show us the genuine and important role music has in movies, as not just an accompaniment but as film making device as important as script or cinematography. Although it's only April I'm going to say this is the best soundtrack of the year, my apologies go to the producers of *Sorority Boy*, that third P.Diddy song lost it for you.

want to get students' attention?
advertise in woroni...call 6248 7127

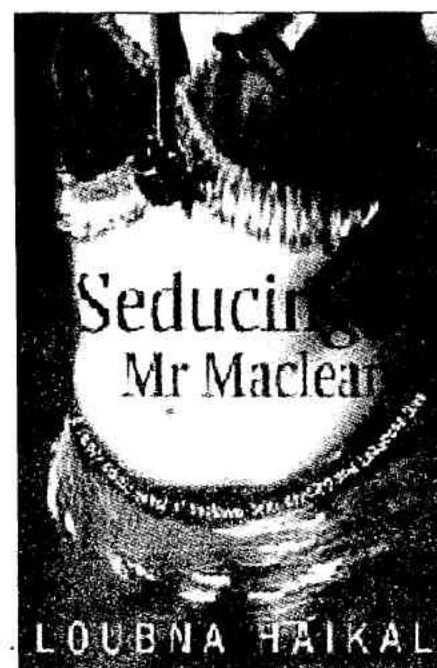
**louba haikal *seducing mr mclean*
madeleine moss**

On the surface *Seducing Mr Mclean* looks suitably trashy — perfect for the university student on the prowl for something escapist and undemanding to read between classes. The tag line on the front cover proclaimed it to be a “comic novel of bacalawa, belly dancing and Lebanese love”. After puzzling over it for quite a while I now realise that a more fitting line would have been “try-hard satirical novel of offensive cultural stereotypes and general unfunniness.”

Mc Mclean tells the story of a Lebanese Australian medical student and her family over a period of about five years. The unnamed central character finds herself trying to live in two different worlds — attempting to find some kind of middle ground between her cultural identity and life as an Australian university student. I assume that it is the author’s intention to present this situation in a comical way, but much of the book is unamusing at best — disturbing and offensive at worst.

Haikal manages to incorporate every offensive cultural stereotype in a manner that would make Stan Zemanak proud. There’s the overly protective parents, the brothers involved in a criminal gang, family members who abuse the welfare system, the local community leader who is in fact a dodgy businessman on the wrong side of the law...Haikal continually falls short of satire, so instead of presenting tongue in cheek black comedy she merely appears to be perpetuating cultural stereotypes and small minded bigotry. However the most objectionable aspect of the novel is the laissez-faire attitude it takes to sexual harassment.

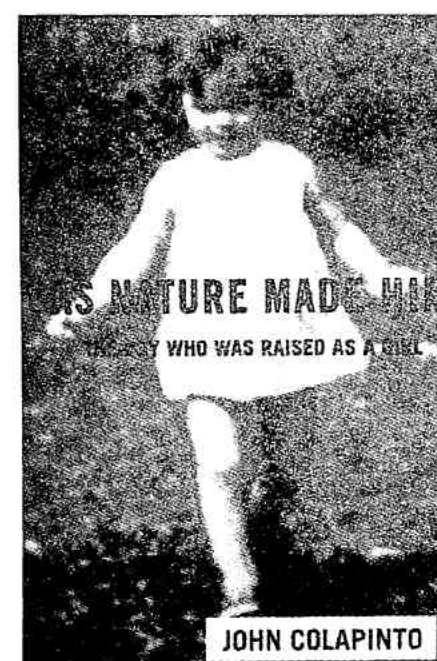
It’s a sad reflection on a play if when, talking afterwards, the best thing you can comment on is the costumes and set. Surely it must be the same for a novel and its cover, and after finishing this one all I could think was — the cover ain’t good, but it’s the best thing about it.



**john colapinto *as nature made him: the boy who was raised as a girl*
randy lovespurt**

Hold on to your seats boys and girls, ‘cos this old rocker is taking you on a wild inter-sexual adventure spanning back to the late 1960s. After baby Brian Reimer suffered a terrible accident with a botched circumcision, it was decided that he was to be reassigned as a girl, Brenda, to be brought up as a girl and then given hormones in his teens (and further surgery) to be transformed into a woman. Reimer’s case is unique because he had an identical twin, a matched control perfectly suited to the experiment. Following the advice of Dr Money, a gender reassignment ‘expert’, Reimer’s brother was to be raised as a boy, Reimer himself as his family’s baby girl. The book tracks teeth-grinding sessions with the experiment’s instigator (Money’s name is so very apt — the doctor is a well-respected academic but a full-on bastard). Under Money’s cajoling, the children are forced to view pornography, endure

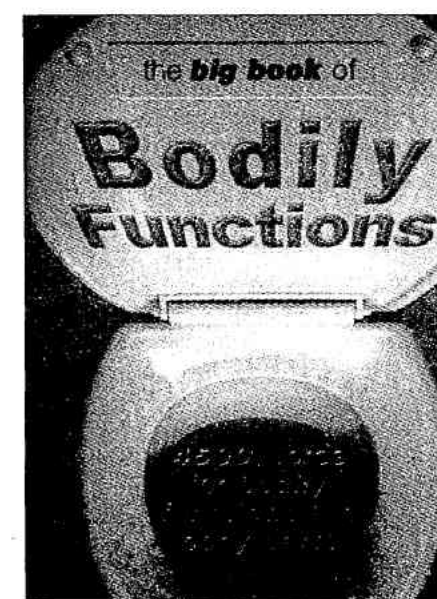
invasive body inspections and participate in bizarre sexual role-playing. “Money,” writes Colapinto, “would make Brenda assume a position on all fours on his office sofa and make Brian come up behind her on his knees and place his crotch against her buttocks.” Lovely. Variations on this “therapy” continued, unknown to their parents with Money also taking photographs at every session. This reassignment, a failure from the beginning, continued until Brenda reached an awkward fourteen, by this time both parents had had breakdowns, and the family had begun to collapse. But do not fret, dear reader, because I’m here to tell you that John Colapinto’s well-researched, clear and concise writing guides you to a happy ending. But what a tale of treachery and grotesque, arrogant medical error! This book definitely gets my blood pumping...ah to be a teenager again...



**jonathon green *the big book of bodily functions*
mark billington, DPhil.**

Jonathon Green’s *Big Book of Bodily Functions* is a succinct and timely guide to some of the most fascinating facets of human physiology. Some may be shocked by Green’s willingness to deal fearlessly with the worlds of jib jobs, greek saunas, jack bumps and cunt bubbles — but I, following the great grey hershey squirt of socialist people’s hymns himself, brother Billy Bragg, declare to them that while “some people thinks things are better left unspoken, I prefer to have them all out in the open”. Green has ventured where few dare to tread, and has returned to report on the world downstairs with a cool aplomb that befits him well, as a man of science. For science it is with which Green engages — his *Big Book* rests, keech-like, at the juncture between culture, language and biology. In this age of postmodern virtuality, more than ever we are in need of works that will provide us with a firm handle on the

real world. Green has done just that, and therein lies his genius. While the *Big Book* is undoubtedly a landmark text in the sociology of the cultured body, Green’s is also a people’s guide. Complete with well-researched historical annotations and excellent graphics, *Bodily Functions* engages fully and enthusiastically with its subject matter. From the amusing “cramber” to the poignant “do big jobs”, where else have we seen to date a comprehensive physiological dictionary also able to raise itself to the level of an ephipany to physicality? Recent years have seen a dark cloud descend on the theoretical dingle-dell of the history of sexuality. I am confident the *Big Book* will rekindle the passion of both students and teachers of this fascinating discipline. As Green demonstrates, the academic community of this university stands at a juncture, my friends. One road leads to the brown turtle, the other to the big X.



April - June Dialogue out now.

Dialogue is a catalogue featuring over 55 fiction and non-fiction titles at 15% off for Co-op members. Pick up a copy for bestsellers, new releases and more!



The Co-op Bookshop Australian National University, Bldg 17 Union Court, Phone (02) 6249 6244 Fax (02) 6248 8949 E-mail anu@coop-bookshop.com.au

www.coop-bookshop.com.au



not another teen movie, joel gallen
felushka yöung

Everyone loves a good ol' teen flick! Right kids? Hmm...I'm going to try and stay positive on this one. *Not Another Teen Movie*...errr...title is original? Story lines...fresh and lively and inspiring for us all to go nab the big man on campus, become a cheerleader or aim for law-ball king/queen? Perhaps not. If you've ever wondered what would happen when an apple pie was intimately united with an old man, what a 70 year old female 'reporter' would look like pashing a 20 year old chick, or just wanted to relive all those magical make-over scenes, *Not Another Teen Movie* will cater to your every fantasy.

Ripping off previously quasi-funny teen flicks such as *American Pie*, *Bring It On*, *Cruel Intentions*, *Ten Things I Hate About You* and (obviously) *American Beauty*, this film made it to the cinemas purely on the spoof appeal. We all like to watch the Americans make fun of themselves, but perhaps not through watching the same cleavage-enhancing camera angles or wankers in cream turtle necks for the millionth time.

Although this movie was funny, it lacked oomph. Just as sitcoms and daytime soaps have episodes where the script writers have 'temporary cases of artistic block-

age' (translation: can't make yet another character fall pregnant, contract cancer, or be found in bed with their step mother twice removed) and show an hour of old recycled footage, *Not Another Teen Movie* takes a luke warm trip down memory lane with identical characters, plots and humour all seen before. It was like a two hour special of "The Best of...(insert TV variety show or sad, burnt out country singer here)" making this film too recycled and cliched to be much fun at all. Although we can laugh at the same jokes again, it can only be half-heartedly. This film is a stunning example of ye olde Hollywood running out of ideas, but still churning out easily digestible crap so that the next big teen flick will have multi-Oscar potential in comparison.

Although it was unoriginal and the feelings of déjà vu were extreme, it did have some cheap laughs (watch out for the 'used' lettuce on the bottom right). Zone out and chuckle on the same jokes for the second...or is it eleventh time, the added bonus being that it'll probably be out on video in time for some pre-exam procrastination.

dogtown and z-boys, stacy peralta
miranda tetlow

If you've ever watched the kids in the skate park carving up the half pipe and pulling airs with undisguised envy, or better yet, ever been one of those kids, this documentary is for you. Directed by film maker Stacy Peralta, one of the original Zephyr team members, and narrated by Sean Penn, *Dogtown and Z-boys* chronicles the development of skateboarding in the urban wasteland between Santa Monica and Venice in California. The story has its beginnings in the dare devil surfers who rode their boards through the waves and rubble of Venice Beach, and it continues on to depict the commercialism and massive popularity of the sport that followed, particularly in the '70s with such giants as Jay Adams, Tony Alva and Stacy Peralta. The Zephyr team largely owed their existence to three individuals: Jimmy Ho, Skip Engblom and photojournalist Craig Stecyk. These three co-owners of the Jeff Ho and Zephyr production Surf Shop assembled the kids together, became their surrogate family, taught them to roll joints, photographed them and spurred them on to dizzying heights using boards which snapped in two, and were repaired, only to snap in two again.

The film achieves what it aims for—it anecdotally and chronologically tells the 'extreme sports' stories of these

alternative skateboard stars—and it does it well. However, Sean Penn, at best, is indifferent as the token 'big name' narrator, and at worst, fumbles his way through the jargon and asks the same questions twice in such a bumbling way that even drug fucked Jay Adams exposes him in (a surprisingly unedited) part of the film. I was also disappointed to see the film leave the story and experiences of Peggy Oki, the only female member of the Z team, largely to one side. Her talent easily equalled that of the boys, and her later life seemed one of the more interesting ones—she went on to become an environmental activist and visual artist. Nevertheless, go and see *Dogtown and Z-boys* even if the thought of skateboarding leaves you cold. You'll probably still enjoy this flick, even if only for the long blond 1970s hair cliches. Otherwise, just marvel at a gang of kids who would go to the trouble of spending four hours draining a random person's swimming pool in order to skate it. And they say kids are apathetic...

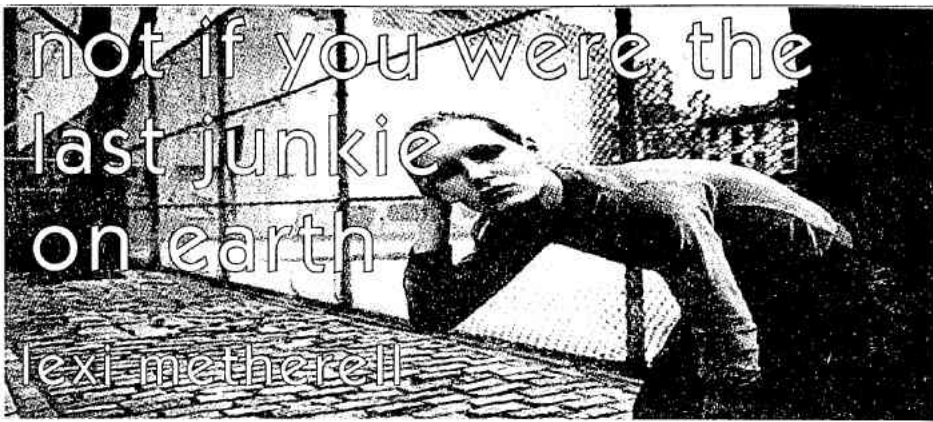
the royal tenenbaums, wes anderson
ben nguyen

I don't think it is unusual to wish yourself free of your own family. Neither is it uncommon to wish yourself into somebody else's. Wes Anderson and Owen Wilson have taken both these themes and created *The Royal Tenenbaums*, the family of which everyone wants to be a member but to which no one feels they belong. Twenty-two years ago the three Tenenbaum children were developing geniuses. Now they reflect broken dreams, embitterment, pain and loss. Probably not dissimilar to most families.

As in *Amelie*, the characters here are the sum of their peculiarities. There's the former tennis pro with a pet eagle (Luke Wilson), the former playwright with a wooden finger (Gwyneth Paltrow) and the former financial whiz with a limited wardrobe (Ben Stiller). The New York City of *The Royal Tenenbaums* is also as exaggerated and personalised as *Amelie's* Paris. This is a place where a good time on the streets means dogfights, go-cart and garbage truck rides, or throwing water bombs at the curious dented 'Gypsy' cabs. However, whereas in *Amelie* the character bringing everyone together was a kind-hearted do-gooder, in *The Tenenbaums* he is a selfish old bastard who is largely

responsible for everyone's misfortunes in the first place. Nonetheless, Royal Tenenbaum (Gene Hackman) has announced his impending death and the family are brought back to their home for possibly the last time.

The writing, the ornate set and costume design, as well as the (at first awkwardly so) deliberate and formal compositions are all focussed on emphasising the characters' eccentricities. This has the unfortunate effect of distancing them, and it becomes hard to see them as more than a grab bag of weird traits and unusual pasts. Yet this is overcome somewhat in the way they relate to one another. The feelings of sorrow are palpable, the characters' psychology is comfortingly screwed up, and the desire of all to make something of themselves is heartfelt, especially by Royal — who, so close to the end of his life, has nothing to show for it. He's ready to make an effort. Maybe belonging wouldn't be so bad after all.



For so many kids of the '90s, heroin epitomised delinquency, a drug for the truly angst-ridden. The era saw several talented starlets plunge themselves into cult-status after succumbing to the needle, following the tracks of earlier counter-culture figures who also had serious dealings with smack, such as Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, Keith Richards and Sid Vicious. In 1993, River Phoenix, at only 23, died at LA's notorious club, the Viper Room, and was found to have a fatal combination of drugs in his blood, including heroin. A year later, Kurt Cobain, who lead grunge into mainstream consciousness with his band Nirvana and had a history of heroin abuse, shot himself only a



week after overdosing on heroin. In '95, Shannon Hoon, lead singer of Blind Melon (remember 'No Rain?'), died of an overdose after prolonged heroin abuse.

At the same time, a spate of heroin-related movies were released, including *Pulp Fiction* (1994), *The Basketball Diaries* (1995), *My Own Private Idaho* (1993 — which starred Phoenix), *The People vs. Larry Flint* (1996), *Basquiat* (1996) and, with the most thorough investigation of junkie culture, *Trainspotting* (1995), set in bleak Edinburgh. The airwaves, too, were littered with lyrics and songs about the drug, most famously Everclear's 'Heroin Girl' (1996) and the Dandy Warhols' 'Not If You Were the Last Junkie On Earth' (1997).

It was no surprise, that the fash-

ion industry caught the hype and ran with it. Fashion photographers and designers such as Calvin Klein, who had a drug problem himself, began to glamourise addicts, also taking inspiration from photographers from the 60s and 70s whose intent was not to glamourise, but portray the pathetic sadness of addiction. This so-called 'heroin chic' was typified by gaunt faces blankly staring out of the page, eyes smeared with kohl, and emaciated models posing in a pseudo (or was it?) post-hit stupor, strung out on a filthy couch or about to topple over in a dirty back ally.

It was only in 1997, when photographer, Davide Sorrenti, who had shot heroin styled photos, died at 20 of an overdose, that the

fashion industry suddenly realised heroin was very un-chic. A few months later American president, Bill Clinton, condemned heroin chic and drew derisive media attention to the fad, saying "...images projected in fashion photos in the last few years have made heroin addiction seem glamorous and sexy and cool...the glorification of heroin is not creative, it's destructive; it's not beautiful, it's ugly." Fashion editors, who had previously defended heroin chic as challenging typical ideas of beauty, now claimed that it was a "messy" look, and that taking heroin-type pictures was out of fashion. And so it was, that junkie culture was officially deemed passe and half the fashion world checked into rehab.

who is reinhold hip?

We like to call him our mecca of gossip. He prefers to be known as a specialist in the study of the sort of information which might not always make it into the public arena. To you guys, ok, he's a gossip columnist.

So if you've got a secret you'd like to share — whether it's how you 'liberated' some paper from the library photocopier or maybe you've taken student-tutor 'discussions' to a new level — why not take this opportunity to get catharsis?

Send your sordid stories to:



reinhold_hip@yahoo.com.au

All names will be changed to protect the identity of the guilty and the innocent alike. A gossip Reinhold Hip may be, but only to provide a community service.

what's hip now

fat bastard on: fluff

Fluff to most people at ANU connotes exams. There is, however, another type of fluff, a friendlier, fluffier, fluff. There is Marshmallow Fluff. This fluff along with banal tv, and nuclear weapons, is one of the great inventions of that iconic homeland of freedom loving people, the USA. Fluff is spreadable marshmallow and comes in traditional 'white-flavoured marshmallow' and slightly less traditional strawberry or more correctly 'pink-flavoured marshmallow'. Fluff tastes just like real natural marshmallows do, but with the added advantage that it has the consistency of melted mozzarella and clings to your teeth like cement.

Under 'serving hints', on fluff's sturdy packaging, the makers of fluff suggest spreading fluff "directly on toast, scones or teacakes as part of a balanced breakfast". Too right! Fluff makes the perfect energy breakfast — just right. And rest assured one can munch away knowing that "Marshmallow Fluff is made with only the finest ingredients under the most demanding sanitary conditions and does not require any artificial preservatives". With all that sugar: preservatives schmervatives. Slightly unsettling is the producers' stress on their 'demanding sanitary conditions'; so emphatic as to make one ask why do they feel pressed to make this dec-

laration? And what does 'demanding' mean exactly? And in case you were wondering, 'finest ingredients' means sugar, highly refined sugar. Your dentist will love you — long time.

My favourite of the serving suggestions made by the Fluff-company would have to be the 'fluffernutter': "this long-time New England sandwich is rapidly becoming one of the most popular sandwiches in the USA. A fluffernutter is a sandwich of peanut butter — that favourite lunchtime standby, rich in protein — and Marshmallow Fluff". The makers of fluff point out the rich protein benefits of peanut butter, but one is left in the dark, however on what Marshmallow Fluff is rich in — although I suppose that's patently obvious.

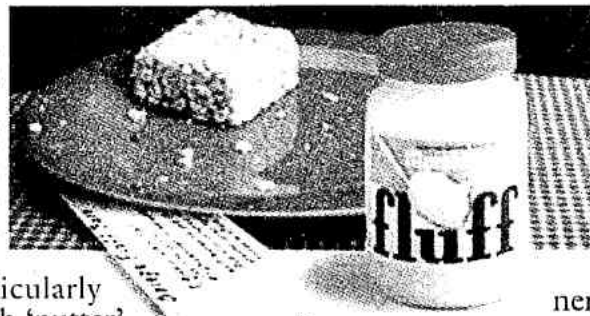
The name of this sandwich, through some marketing oversight, is a bit unfortunate, however, with the first part of the neologism, 'fluffer' being an established and essential occupation in the adult entertainment industry, making for a particularly unedifying combination with 'nutter'.

As an aside, if one was to make a fluffernutter one would have to use the finest of peanut butters: Skippy. This American brand must be the king of peanut butters, packed full, as it is, of salt and more sugar than any other brand on the market. Although called Skippy, there is no Australian connection at all to this product as far as I can tell, apart from the kangaroo on

the packaging; but then why would there be, kangaroos and peanut butter go together like mice and cheese! I haven't been able to try a fluffernutter, however, because no supermarket in Canberra seems to stock Skippy anymore. Maybe the Health Department ordered it off the shelves, maybe there are kids in hospital with swollen brains, I don't know and quite frankly don't care, but I'm sick of all the available low-in-salt, -sugar, and -carcinogens shit that passes as peanut butter.

Be that as it may, there is an even better sandwich concoction than the fluffernutter. By taking the logic of a fluff plus peanut butter sandwich to its logical and ultimate conclusion, I discovered the 'fluffabetic': a fluff plus chocolate spread toasted sandwich, using white-bread - no 'whole' 'grain' or 'meal' in sight. This is the nirvana of sugar-fix anti-food. For maximum effect one can't use any pedestrian chocolate spread like nutella (hazlenut-spread, who are they kidding), instead one must turn to dark chocolate spread — to whom we owe thanks to the Europeans. Be warned, the 'fluffabetic' is not for the faint hearted or dental-ly aware. After eating this alchemical so-called 'food', I had the unnerving premonition that all my teeth were about to slide smoothly out of my gums and fall with a clink onto my plate. So before my dentist was given the chance to bankrupt me, I immediately reached for some steel-wool and bleach, and scrubbed my teeth into safety.

Fluff, so very wrong at so many different levels, can only be described as *so good*.



First term is about to draw to a close, but it seems not that long ago that I was just welcoming all of you to the start of a new year. Things at the SA are moving along and much is happening. Firstly, thanks to everyone who contributed to the **Students' Charter**. A copy of the Charter can be found at the Students' Association office, or keep a look out for the SA noticeboard around the corner from the Bakery in the Union. I will keep you posted as issues are addressed and action is taken.

The SA is continuing to advocate for **online surveys** for courses. The format proposed is that these surveys are compulsory. They have to be completed before you can be given access to your exam results at the end of each semester. They will be in the form of five short questions. To answer, you click on a button ranging from 1-10 to rank your satisfaction with your course. There will also be a sixth option which you can click if you do not wish to complete the survey. I have made clear that the SA's support for these surveys are conditional on the results of the surveys being publicly released. That means you will be able to see what your class as a whole thought of the course. I emphasise that discussion about these surveys is still in a preliminary stage and all comments are welcome. If you think they are a bad idea, please let me know. If you think they are a good idea, I'd also like to know. I can be contacted on sa.president@student.anu.edu.au.

This year, you may also see changes in the **Chifley Library**. Work is being done to create a new InfoPlace on the third floor of the library. This will include approximately 90 computers in an open access area with student support. The current photocopy room will be re-designed into three

study rooms and the current Graneek Room will be the new photocopy room. The toilets will be refurbished and be made disability friendly. A parenting room will be built on the second floor. Books and shelves will be moved around quite a bit over the next year, but you should still be able to access books and periodicals.

Some of you might remember the **Census** on discrimination and harassment that was conducted last year. I am currently involved with a committee putting the results of that Census together and will provide further details when the first report comes out.



prez sez :

I'm also hearing that some lectures and tutorials are still **overcrowded**. If you are in a class where every student does not have a table and chair or a tutorial that has far too many people in it, please do let me know.

Within the SA itself, we are making moves towards **greater accountability**. We have recently retained Deloitte Touche Tohmatsu as our accountants to help us compile our financial statements and look over our accounting procedures. You may also have seen the pamphlets we've been dropping in lecture theatres - it's part of the SA effort to keep in touch with all of you and I encourage you to come and chat to me if you have questions or ideas on anything.

The SA exists to help make your life at uni better. Please make use of us and feel free to stop by in my office above the Commonwealth Bank or email me on sa.president@student.anu.edu.au. Have a great break and I look forward to seeing everyone around in second term.

Joanne Yin
SA President

queer as fuck

Hi! How is everyone? Hopefully everyone has recovered from what should have been a hectic and enjoyable campus Pride Week. There are only a couple of things to report from the Sexuality Department at this stage:

First, with the Queer Collaborations ('QC') conference in July rapidly approaching, organising meetings have had to become more regular. The **QC Facilitation Collective** will now be meeting every **Monday evening from 5:30pm** in the **Students' Association conference room** - everyone is welcome to attend and share their ideas.

Second, as a member of the National Youth Roundtable for 2002, I am looking for input from other young queers in Canberra. My personal project involves looking at methods of reducing sexuality and homophobia-related youth suicide. In particular, I would like to hear from people about their experiences at secondary school - Was the school homophobic? Staff? Other students? Were there any programs designed to tackle homophobia in your school? What could the

school have done better? And if you had a good experience at secondary school, I would also love to hear from you - What was good about it? What ideas could other schools 'beg, steal or borrow' from your school? I understand that this may be a sensitive issue for some people to talk about - anything you want to contribute can remain anonymous/confidential. If you would like to share your experiences and/or suggestions, you can contact me via the Sexuality Department - phone **6125 8514**, email sexdep@student.anu.edu.au or drop by the Students' Association building in Union Court.

Other than that, I hope everyone has a fantastic two-week break (I know most of us really need it) and I'll probably see many of you at 'Q & A' this Thursday night (April 18th) at the Meridian.

Cheers,
Alastair Lawrie
SA Sexuality Officer

Hello Kiddies!

This is a very short report due to the general lack of interesting stuff to write regarding social officer-ness.

So aside from organising O-Week during summer I developed a deep love for two very important things. **Rope Jump and Trucks**. Andrew Jory (Education Officer) and Emily Byrne (O-Week Director) were also heavily involved in this cool-ness but plenty of other people were encouraged to share the joy.

Firstly rope jump. Rope Jump is at the Cotter River, you swing off the bank and land in the water. Some glorious person had managed to climb this really tall tree and attach a rope to one of the branches (one time Andrew climbed the tree but it didn't end too well). Over time other ropes have been added as the original rope broke, this adds to the overall safety of the activity as did the fraying ends and badly tied knots. Originally there was nothing to hold onto but this cut our delicate little hands up so Andrew brought along some bike riding gloves but they looked stupid and didn't work anyway so we got a stick. The first one we had was really good but then when we came back in a few days some bastard had stolen it. We tried a few more, some broke (also adding to the safety factor). One especially brilliant example of stick endurance testing was when Emily and Andrew decided that they would rope jump at the same time. Not pretty kiddies, not pretty. The general greatness of rope jump lies in the cool fun-ness of swinging really high, making a big splash and not getting too much wa-



get a life

ter up your nose. Other highlights include watching other people do really cool jumps and backflips and stuff, but watching your friends doing bellywhackers or otherwise almost injuring themselves should never be underrated. Things to remember: phlegm is not your friend and always check the depth of the water before jumping on in, good jumping is safe jumping.

Secondly the glorious world of trucks. I got to drive two (count them, two) 3 tonne trucks over the summer. Nothing beats the feeling of cruising around the town in a truck with the harmonious strains of 'Thunderstruck' playing for all to hear. Hydraulic lifts on trucks are an excellent thing. They go up and down and you don't actually have to lift anything. This is kinda handy for student movers and to my mind a truck for a day is always a worthwhile investment. Casualties include: a tree and a kangaroo.

So remember: rope jumps are cool and trucks are cool too.

Ohhh the best-est thing ever was when Andrew and I took the truck to Cotter and went rope jumping!!!!

Andrew was supposed to write a joint report with me but he obviously has much more important things to write about...

For C&S stuff feel free to send me an email or see me at some stage. Otherwise I'm working on the BBQ's.

Keep on Truckin'

Love Dana xx
SA Social Officer

your enviro collective loves you

New Enviro projects since I last wrote anything:

Groundswell. Various collectivites are frantically working to restart Groundswell. This was a neat little resources office in Braddon that was used to run various campaigns to do with social justice and forestry back in the foggy depths of last year. Well, Groundswell sadly lost its venue, and shut the doors for 2002.

It's starting up again. What will groundswell have? Computer, fax machine, phone, internet access, floor mats, banners, media, belts and... well, dark rooms, fairy lighting, act lists for everyone in the area, and all the stuff you need to throw promptu fundraising parties. All that plus whenever we can scam by finding every dumpster in Canberra.

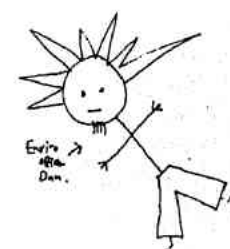
This wonderful space of mystery will be open to all comers, especially people who have some vision for a grand project that they'd like to carry out. Want an office to organise your very own conference from? Then get in touch with the Groundswell collective: groundswell@octapod.org.

Have you heard about the **No Waste by 2010** plan? Well the ACT

has one - the government's policy, is to have the ACT producing no wasteful landfill by the end of this decade. Hence, some of you may have noticed the "Second Hand Sunday" antics of a few weeks ago - Every second house had all their spare sofas on the front lawn, and crack squads of bargain hunters roamed the streets in specially-modified vans looking for vulnerable items of furniture and outdated computer equipment that they thought they could get away with. Brawls were frequent over particularly delectable items of interior furnishing. A great time was had by all, or at least all who could carry sofas.

That's one small part of the waste disposal strategy - the government is looking at promoting recycling of everything from garden waste to computers, and trying to avoid bringing landfillable items into the ACT in the first place.

Why do I mention this program? Well,



There are few things that get me angry - bad drivers, over use of the word 'nice' and people who are willing to whinge and complain, yet do sweet bugger all to fix a situation. Such is my gripe now.

Currently the Women's Department is running two very serious campaigns - Anti-rape and Pro-choice. While the Pro-choice campaign is being coordinated by a number of women's groups and community organisations, the anti-rape campaign is campus based and still in its development stages. As most of you can imagine, it's a hard task to organise colleges, uni groups, administration and students to pay attention to a serious problem let alone participate and if anyone thinks they can do a better job (Re: "Time for a campaign" Woroni Issue 2) then my office is always open. But until someone steps up to the plate - Fuck Off! I'm not going to defend myself for inaction when clearly whoever thinks the Women's Dept doesn't do anything has no idea about basic organisation and co-ordination of a major campaign.

In local news - I've had complaints from women at both the art and music schools about lighting, security and safety, in light of recent events. Any women who shares these concerns should contact me directly, via e-mail or drop by my office, so I can get a proposal together for the Uni administration and Unisafe to do something about it. By the same token though, please use the existing measures, such as escorts and security guards to prevent the untoward occurring. We can't have more of what we don't use.

On a lighter note - anyone who would like to help with the Anti-rape campaign, that includes a poster and sticker campaign, awareness stalls, contact and referral etc please contact me via e-mail.

the more publicity it gets, the harder it is for the government to back out if things start to go wrong... tell your elected representative today!

Public transport and the ANU

The Environment collective's worry of the minute is to do with all the flats and townhouses springing up throughout Braddon, O'Connor, Ainslie and everywhere else remotely

In other events, the women's collective is meeting whenever they choose, so if you have an issue and haven't seen the meeting advertised, let me know and I'll check it out. There will be a department meeting before the end of semester, so keep your eyes open for times. All undergraduate women are welcome.

By the time this goes to print, we'll have had the enormous, successful rally outside the Legislative Assembly to support the decriminalisation of abortion in the ACT. Of course, it's a long hard battle (like all the ones worth winning) and we cannot rest on our laurels. Keep writing to your MLA's, phoning them and generally pressuring them to make the only acceptable decision - vote YES to make choice legal. It is important to remember that this legislation brings the law into line with what already occurs in

cunninglinguist

make their choice without fear of a jail term.

I apologise for the tone which my column (read: rant) began. I do agree that it sucks that we might be equal in lectures (how many of you have female lecturers?) but still need walking to our cars but until there is a fundamental change in the attitude of both men and women, on campus and in general, that's reality. So instead of campaigning *my* arse off, how about all those people out there who do give a shit about personal safety DO SOMETHING.

I can be contacted at sa.womens@anu.edu.au or on 6125 9868. I am also usually behind my desk waiting for any random wanderers who might be vaguely interested in preserving their sense of autonomy and personal dignity.

Nadia Docrat
SA Women's Officer

In this report I would like to inform everyone about the Appeals Procedure for Students at ANU.

Appeals are the University's mechanism for dealing with individual educational grievances that students may have. Such grievances include, but are not limited to problems such as the remarking of an exam or requesting special consideration to be applied. Every student at the ANU has the right to lodge an appeal. The appeals process is now streamlined at ANU, with all faculties having the same procedure; this creates equitable parity across the campus for all students. The process is broken into three steps:

readin,
ritin,
rithmetic



ommendations as to possible resolutions of the appeal. Both the staff and student are able to make submissions outlining their positions.

3. Appeals Committee: if the student is unhappy with the recommendations in the Faculty Dean's report then the Appeals Committee will be convened to examine the matter. The Appeals Committee is constituted of the Dean of Students, a representative of the Students' Association, and the Vice-Chancellor or their nominee. The Appeals Committee collects evidence on the matter and subsequently makes a ruling.

While the appeals process sounds onerous and very procedural, the reality is that most disputes are resolved informally. At every stage the student is offered support from either the Dean of Students or the Education Officer. Students should never feel that a complaint that they may have is not important or will be disregarded by the university. The appeals procedure is designed to help students overcome ANY difficulties they may be having at all, on an individual basis. If you have any queries about the appeals procedure, or just feel that something is not right about your degree then feel free to contact either myself at sa.education@student.anu.edu.au or the Dean of students at Selwyn.Cornish@anu.edu.au.

Andrew Jory
SA Education Officer

1. Informal: this can either be pursued by the student, the Education Officer of the Students' Association or the Dean of Students. The Education Officer and the Dean of students are empowered to act as advocates on behalf of students in relation to these matters as some students may not feel comfortable in discussing such matters with staff. Essentially it involves lobbying the member of staff to change their position on the disputed matter. This is not part of the appeals process, rather it is an informal dispute resolution mechanism and the vast majority of appeals are resolved at this level.

2. Reporting: at this stage the Dean of the Faculty in question makes a report on the dispute and makes rec-

faith in its existence.

The time is NOW to start asking the university and the government to start coordinating better transport options for students. Throw ideas around amongst yourselves, but I suggest:

have some way of getting home when you've been out for a night on the town - that doesn't involve going home at 10pm

Get those letters writing.

- 1) Regular shuttle buses to and from civic to the ANU campus, timed to link up with buses from other suburbs
- 2) More regular services for the one bus that currently services campus, the number 34

GUITARIST WANTED

Uni band looking for accomplished AXE MAN! Can't play the guitar? So WHAT?! BELCH a decent rendition of 'Stairway to Heaven' and you're in!!! Tone deaf? FANTASTIC!!! You can stand on stage as a freaking decoration!! It's YOUR show!!! JUST BE WILLING TO LEND US \$249 BEFORE APRIL 30 SO THE BAND CAN GET NEW MICROSOFT OFFICE XP PROFESSIONAL AT UP TO 80% OFF!!! Got what it takes to help a bunch of hard rockers score some software? We'll be waiting at the campus bookstore... NO AUDITION!

"It's difficult to choose a favourite student politician. There are just too many good looking personalities out there on the ANU campus, looking so....good."

John Lewinson, random punter.

close to campus. These houses spread up like an embarrassing fungal parasite, devouring normal, rentable student accommodation, and replacing it with tastefully coloured Leggo houses that you may be able to afford

Currently there is exactly one public bus that services the campus and other thrumming nexuses of student life, such as Calvary Hospital, and it manages to sneak so surreptitiously around the campus that most of us have lost

- 3) The option to bring our bikes on buses
- 4) Improved weekend and late night services, so that you



THE 'STRINE

BRINGING PAPIER MÂCHÉ TO THE PEOPLE



Refugee
"Bored
Senseless"
By
Liberators



FOCUS
Leaders Start
Studying For
Exams



Nurse Com-
plains: "My
Work Not As
Sexy As Porno
Suggested"

Bush Offers Palestinians Independent State - In Iraq

Borgia Ginz-Mossad-Shakira

The American President George W. Bush yesterday articulated "a radical solution" to the ongoing Israeli-Palestinian conflict: a sovereign Palestinian state in Iraq's Southern "No-Fly Zone", which is patrolled by American and British fighter planes.

"It's remarkable that no folks have thought of it before," Bush said. "This plan is as neat as the partitions of Israel, Ireland and the former Yugoslavia. The Dome of the Rock will be moved to Baghdad, which will be partitioned between Iraqis, Kurds, Palestinians, Kosovar Albanians and the Abu-Sayef guerillas of the Southern Philippines. We have abandoned our plans to offer radical African American Muslims a special homeland in the East. They can share Greenwich Village which the lesbian separatists."

Bush denied that any harm would come to the inhabitants of Southern Iraq, who were recently ranked as "the third most fucked-on people in the world", after Sudanese animists and ANU Classics graduates. "Depleted uranium shells, carpet bombing, sanctions, famine and inadequate medical care have already eliminated two or three Gaza's worth of arable land. Within ten years, there will be no-one left in Iraq to keep out the Iranians, and that would be bad geo-politics."

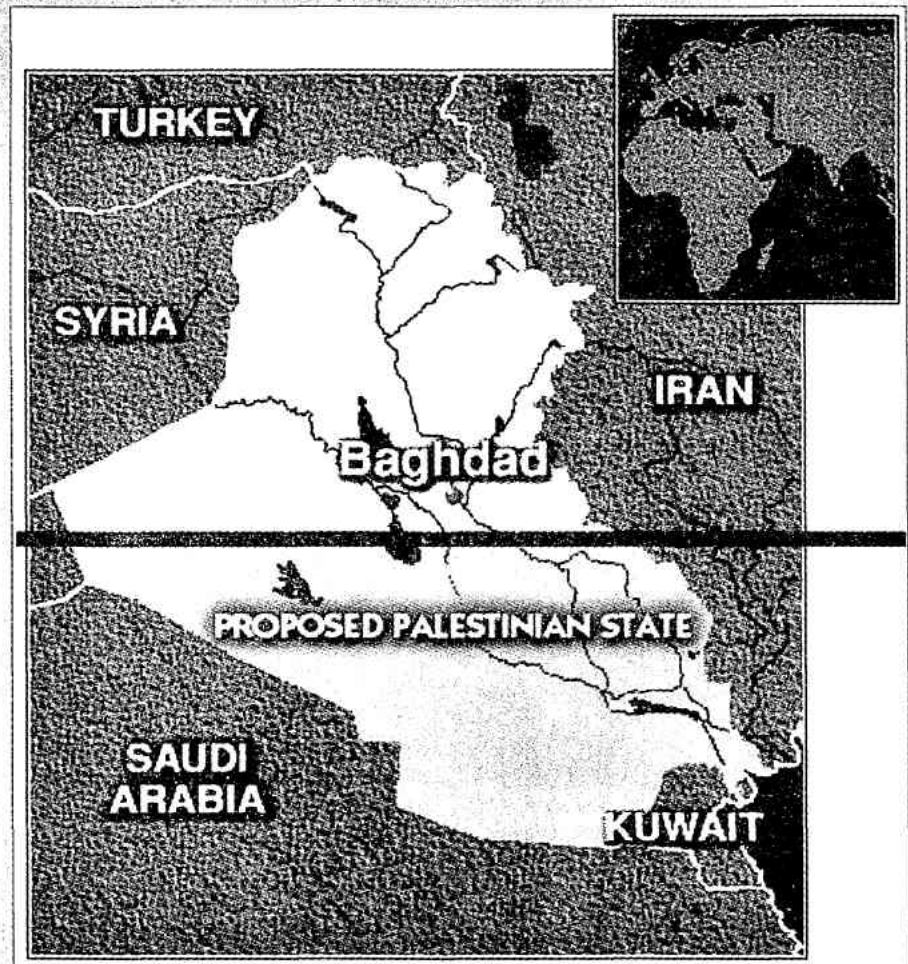
The Israeli government welcomed the plan, which is compatible with its post-1967 policy of dispossessing and deporting Palestinians. "It will be a joy," said Prime Minister Ariel Sharon, "to forget all the little tricks we learned from

the South Africans back in the early-seventies, when we did that nuclear weapons for apartheid swap. I must admit, I'll resent giving up my predilection for war crimes, but there's always Lebanon just next door and the whole Sinai peninsula hand-back deal has always bugged me."

According to Bush, "Once Iran and the Palestinian Liberation Organisation share a border, they will be able to engage directly in technology transfers, rather than smuggling guns, mortars and explosives into Israel by sea. My administration would look favourably on the establishment of a free trade zone, called something like the "Common Terrorism Area"."

In related news: the UN Security Council passed its two-hundredth and eighth resolution calling for a Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza. The idea has also been adopted by the Arab League, a parody

regional body invented to make the Association of African States look more credible.



Timely Wife-Swap Saves Wayne Carey's Career

Gillian Tidwinkle-Dubois

The North Melbourne Football Club appear to have resolved the Wayne Carey debacle. According to club coach Denis Pagan, "I think we held Wayne to standards that were too high. Everyone knows that the best thing about being a footballer is being able to sleep with groupies."

According to Pagan, marriage commitments made by several of the players had placed a strict limitation on "groupie action", negating one of the major fringe benefits of football.

In a brave move, the North Melbourne Football Club intends to merge marriage with womanising. The players will now be forced to swap **censored** and **censored**. Captain Anthony

Stevens stated that, "Look I know it sounds weird but if this plan means there's no more conflict or rivalry among the players for groupies than that which would be great for the team. In the end I recognise that there is no 'I' in team, and if my wife sleeping with Wayne Carey is best for North Melbourne than I'll just bite the bullet."

Other football clubs across Australia may institutionalise bastardy, in addition to bastardisation, to reduce team tension and maximise performance.

"Cor, it's Bazza's wife tonight, and she's a real looker," says Carey.



World Mourns Passing of Senile Class Parasite

Jocasta Lovesit and H.R. Nicholson

The world mourns the passing of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen mother, accidental monarch and notorious class parasite, a woman who lived twice as long and was ten thousand times richer than her subjects.

Born to privilege, her Majesty was brought up in outrageous private luxury. But after her accession as George VI's Queen, she dedicated her life to serving the nation, opening public buildings, attending charity dinners, hosting society picnics and cruising the Empire in an enormous yacht. The people of London will never forget how, during World War II, their Queen, along with almost sixty million patriotic Britons, refused to be evacuated to Canada. At the height of the conflict, she endeared herself to the public by venturing from her bunker to visit Blitz victims in the East End. This was the origin of the modern "walkabout", in which members of the Royal Family meet with the public and have innocuous conversations with adoring housewives from Cornwall. The Queen Mother maintained a giddy round of commitments until the last years

of her life, and the Palace has rejected any suggestion that her schedule will change following her death. A specially embalmed "Queen Mummy" will fulfil all of her remaining engagements for the next three years. "In the end, we're hoping to substitute her Majesty for a pair of grinning dentures on a stick," said royal impresario, James Fosythe-Bowles.

The Queen Mother's fans remembered her personal touch. Mrs J White, a pensioner from Melbourne, reminisced, "I remember when the Queen visited in the 50's. Oh you mean the Queen Mum? I like her very much too. Dead? Yes my husband died a long time ago." "Whenever she talked to me I felt like I was the only person in the whole world," said Jenny Price, an institutionalised royal stalker. "She made me glow all inside and I felt specially special. I hope the staff haven't intercepted all my letters and the flowers I wove her from my own hair."

The Queen Mother had a special place in the hearts of all the British people, like that old, musty teddy bear you couldn't quite



Queen Elizabeth,
The Queen Mother
1762-2002
"Dead at Last"

bring yourself to put against a wall and shoot when the Revolution comes. We were all fifty pence a year poorer for not having known her.

Talking Heads



Mohamed Speaks with
Sergeant Mat McReady,
Camp Counsellor, Camp Xray

Hi my name is Seargent Major second hope, no not really its McReady, but to you Mohamed it may as well be. Welcome to camp X-Ray, a special program set up by the US Army to give troubled Islamic Fundamentalists a second go through, hard work, sleep deprivation and most of all, trust. You see Mohamed we don't hate you, just everything you stand for, and there's a difference there. At camp X-Ray we're going to show you how easy it is to love instead of hate. Over there is where you will eat and that there, that's where you will be calling home for a period yet to be determined. I guess that really depends on you. Now we're not all spoilsports here, have a bite to eat before the first game. Pork ribs, that's right we knew you were coming. Not Halal? Look the only Halal you'll be getting round here is the one around the back of the head if don't eat up. Good lad. Now the first game is a trust game. What I want you to do is fall back onto my arms, trust me that's the aim. Good lad, fall back that's right. Now that wasn't hard was it? Mohammed have you ever thought of 'play acting' your terrorist activities so as to not hurt anyone in real life. I mean what are you really angry at, tell me instead of hurting others. Yes, yes, I see, American imperialist, infidel swine, I see. Look how abouts you take a break in the time out corner okay? No the straps are supposed to be there. Right now I think you think you have to impress the other boys. "Death to the infidel", do you really mean that? Well Osama doesn't always know what's best, I mean if Osama told you to run a plane into a building would you do it? I see, well maybe we'll pick this up in the group discussion after dinner.

Art-House Blockbuster "A Disappointment"

"Matilda" Fordinggrass-Mavis

Stephen Spielberg's recent venture into the "Art-House Blockbuster" genre has received mixed reactions from Australian audiences. In *The Candle, It Burns* (a remake of the French cult classic *Mon Chapeau est dans l'escalier*) the notorious American director cast lethargic looking unknowns with affected foreign accents, moving away from his usual formula of special effects and "big name" actors.

John Hayes, 41, from Kambah, was in such a state of anticipation about the film's release that he camped out in front of Hoyts in Belconnen for two weeks, much to the chagrin of fifteen year-old casuals who had to clean around him as he scrounged for popcorn behind the drink dispensers.

The Candle, It Burns turned out to be a great disappointment for Hayes. "It lacked the basic elements of any good art house film, for a start", he said. "The plot was comprehensible, there wasn't even *one* incest scene and there was a distinct lack of Tuvan throat singing in the musical score."

"And frankly, the complimentary double decaffeinated soy latte and black beret they gave me to try and soften the blow was simply inadequate"

Partygoers win "Agadoo Bandit" Class Action

DJ DJ Massacre

A man who inflicted "Agadoo" and Ricky Martin's "Cup of Life" on partygoers in Kingston, Canberra's only trendy suburb, has been ordered to pay half a million dollars in damages.

Seventeen guests claimed that they had been injured or traumatised in the mass panic which ensued.

"I saw him seize control of the CD player, and there was this moment of confusion, followed by sudden recognition, and then daquiris were flying everywhere, and some people jumped from windows or scuffed their Birkenstocks. It was mayhem," says Dan, who works for the Boston Consulting Group.

In related news: The NSW Department of Public Prosecutions has

dropped charges against seventy-two people, arising from the death of Gerard Lang, who was torn to pieces by distraught house music enthusiasts when he played *The Ministry of Sound Summer Annual* at a sophisticated party in Surrey Hills.

"Mr Lang's corpse was so mutilated that it yielded no viable forensic evidence, and so we had some difficulty apportioning blame," a spokesperson said. She denied that the department had been dissuaded from proceeding by the co-accuseds' stated intention of running the so-called "disco defence", which has been recognised in Alabama since the Human League come-back tour of '98.

THERE'S MURDOCH TO THE STORY IN... THE 'STRINE





tired of the same old advice from piss-weak namby-pamby agony aunts? **woroni** has the answer: **bogan**. need the answers on the finer points of contemporary etiquette? love life on the rocks? let this mullet-headed maestro of problem-solving kick your head into shape!

cross-cultural etiquette

Dear Bogan,

I'm a young hip and funky socialist worker [sic] and I've just made friends with some real workers, who are like really, really, like oppressed. To boost my credibility, and show off to my socialist worker [sic] buddies [sic], I've invited my new real worker friends around for dinner, but I don't know what to feed them. Somehow I don't think tossed stir-fried marinated tofu and cos-lettuce salad is appropriate. Should I provide plates and forks or will a trough do fine?

Karl

No wuckers cunt!

You don't know friggin much do ya! Forget the food, and get a couple of slabs of VB and all your problems will be solved. If you do insist on food, the scrubber who lives near the stove at my place cooks a real beaut specialty dish based on a time-honoured favourite: she calls them 'grissoles'. **censored...censored...censored**
censored...censored

true blue hair-story lesson

Dear Bogan,

there is this popsicle inside me eating away my once rock solid beliefs. A staunch feminist, these days I feel sorry for the patriarchy, I mean, you can't blame them for what comes naturally. I can't justify my arguments on any coherent or rational bases, but I keep on airing my confused and counterproductive views -



declared unwanted universally - on a wide range of issues publicly. I know people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones, but I can't help myself. How do I

stop?

Helen G

I hear you my friend,

how can one push forward the cause, when one air's views that put debate back decades? It reminds me of the great mullet controversy of the 80s. Mullet had been picked up by the fashion and business set. This was a great moment for the growth of the mullet - so many thought; but say so publicly and you would end up in the shit. Quality not quantity; the mullet like the bum-crack belongs on the building site; not in the board room. It was superficial growth - sham mullets don't make good mullets, and in the end they didn't have the staying power - the grunt of the natural free born mullet. I suggest you will discover the same.

some ute-beaut mullet-care

Dear Bogan,

I feel as if the world has left me behind. Everything has changed so much since I first grew my mullet and bought my first ute. My mullet's shaggy days of glory have long since passed, and they've built a new monaro and it looks like shit; what's going on? Linda, after so many faithful years, even suggested last week that maybe I should cut my mullet!

Dave/lost - Facilities and Services

Mate!

Jesus fucking Christ! Never, NEVER, touch the mullet! Remember Samson. Your freedom loving locks are your lifeblood, your vitality, or as the frogs would say elan vital. Take them away and what do you have Dave? What next mate? Light beer?! Be careful, you know what happens to some of the sheilas as they get older, throw away the mullet and Linda will have you out

of flannies and into polo shirts before the first goal on Sunday arvo footy. No mullet, No individuality, nothing! Get a grip before it's too late.

scrag fight

Dear Bogan,

my boyfriend whom I met at college has left me for this slutty ocker type, she may have large breasts, but she has a mouth like a back-street sewer in Bangkok, and she dresses like a peasant and works with her hands - at Best and Less! I've tried to win him back, but it's all been to no avail, I can't compete with this troglodyte's grunting animal musk-charms. I haven't even been able to find solace in my pearls. Bogan what am I to do?!!

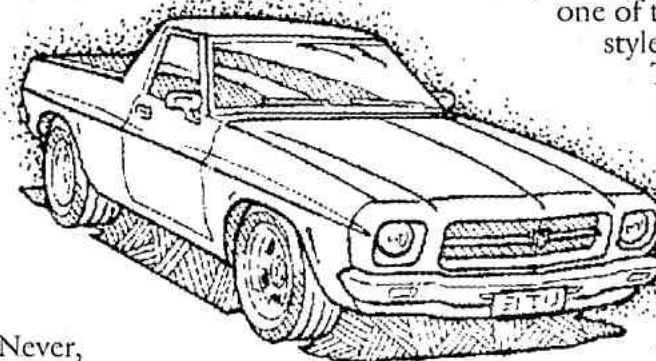
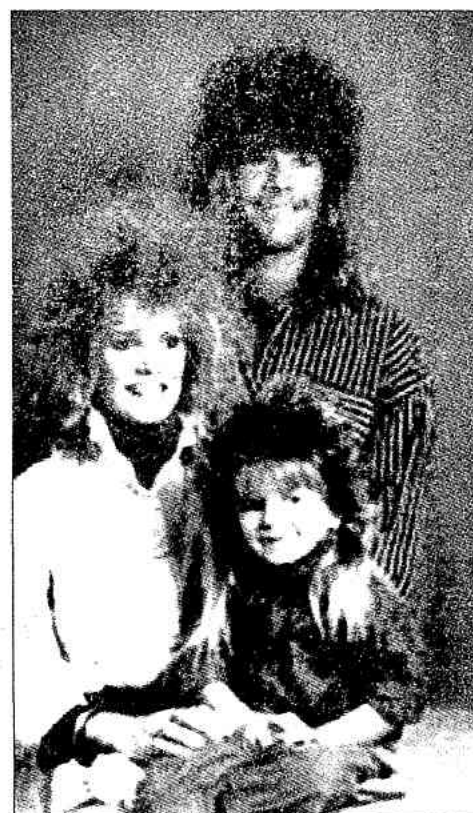
Portia, College name withheld

Listen 'ere girly,

this is a real tough'in. There's only one sure answer to this one, two words: boob job. That's right silicone and plen'y of it; you can't compete otherwise, it's like trying to win a drag race against a monaro in a camira. I could tell you to get some flannies and get one of those hot frizzy 80's hair styles, but I'd be kiddin ya.

There is one other option, but you'd have to be built like big frozen chook. Fight, beat and humiliate the newcomer in public, preferably at the pub. I doubt however that you'd know the finer techniques of scrag-fighting. Have a slap on the arse on me, get ya

self together wipe away the tears, and get down to the plastic surgeon right away, or if you think you've got what it takes, I can put you in touch with a real veteran, Cheryl 'the Scrag Mother' and her 'dojo' of the streets.





When was the last time you visited an art gallery? If you can date your last appearance to being dragged along by your grandmother, viced in her iron grip while being forced to stare at art, then it's about time you made another trip. Down at the NGA there's a visual feast waiting to be consumed...

The gallery's latest blockbuster is the controversial *Three Centuries of Italian Art* bringing together works by Titan, Caravaggio, Canaletto, Tiepolo and Cabanossi. (Okay, I made that last one up, but don't the names sound as luscious the paintings themselves?) It is a delectable selection of Renaissance works, an unusual exhibition to tour Australia. "Italy, to the visitor from Australia seems such a treasure house with an embarrassment of cultural and artistic riches," writes Brian Kennedy, Director of the NGA. "The heritage of Italian art is breathtaking...*Three Centuries of Italian Art* offers an extraordinary array of artistic brilliance, a tantalising testament to a tradition of gifted Italian painters." The exhibition features a rich array of specimens spanning through the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in which the country saw extraordinary developments in art. The unified Christendom, prevalent

throughout Europe, but which was shattered in the early sixteenth century, resulted in a great flowering of the arts. In this "awakening" artists, gave birth to new movements including the advent of Mannerism, evident in the tortured and wild painting by Rosso Fiorentino of *Moses Defending the Daughters of Jethro* (c. 1523), or the breathtaking chiaroscuro of Caravaggio's *Narcissus* (c.1595). It is also evident in the famous *Head of Christ* (c.1495), a study for the wall painting of *The Last Supper* by Leonardo da Vinci, a vital evocative pastel which survives as a testimony to this Renaissance genius. The range of different regional styles between the schools is phenomenal, and incredibly, each is independent of the other. There is also the ongoing debate as to which masters throughout these schools actually painted their own work, which adds more to the mystery of the stories behind the paintings,

Caravaggio's *Narcissus*, c.1595, oil on canvas

paralleling the secretive, unearthly luminescent qualities of all the works featured in this exhibition. Kennedy adds: "This exhibition is a visual feast, a treasure house of masterpieces. The entire collection of works offers incontrovertible evidence of the genius of Italian art, one of the great contributions to world culture." As the Italian art historian Federico Zeri stated; Italian art is not just a story of masterpieces by famous artists. It is a story of "pictures without a name and names without pictures", a story being told here in Canberra until the 16th of June 2002.

Review by Merryn Spencer

The Italians: Three Centuries of Italian Art showing at The National Gallery of Australia, from the 28th March to 16th June 2002



NEF
378.947
WOR



MEMOIRS OF A
Monarch

**'It is splendid to see — in this omnibus of
tabloid journalism — that
the weekly updates to the prepared obituaries
have not gone to waste'**

Woroni

ANDREW MORTEN

w